SEND FOR YOUR "JOHN BULL" PEN TO-DAY. *See Coupon, page 18.*

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. No 591. | SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Absolute Reliability

That is the great virtue of Ideal Milk—the absolute reliability—the same perfect quality in every tin. That is the reason why Ideal Milk should always be preferred to ordinary dairy milk by every prudent housewife. "Ideal" is just the richest cow's milk concentrated till it is as thick as cream—only water is taken away—nothing is added.

Guaranteed always FRESH and PURE.

No Sugar——No Preservative

IDEAL MILK

Diluted: for every purpose of fresh milk
Undiluted: for every purpose of fresh cream, except

IT WON'T "WHIP"

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.
Cash price 5d. and 10d. per tin.

WHAT HAIG TOLD ME

BY

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

CLOSING DAYS of the Great
CASH SALE

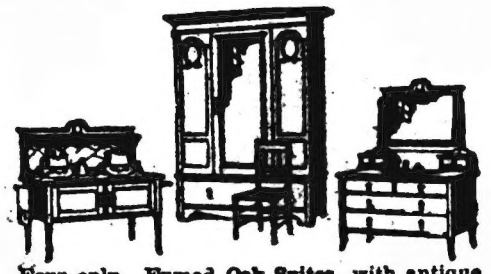
Three Manufacturers' Stocks of splendid Furniture offered

SENSATIONAL 50% REDUCTIONS

In a few days the Great Sale at the Midland Salons will be over. Seize this opportunity before it is too late. If you act *now* you have still time to secure your share of the wonderful bargains offered. Come to the Midland *now*, you can get the very home you have set your heart on, while

saving £50 in every £100 spent.

In addition to this unparalleled saving, we give you an extra 15% discount for prompt cash on every purchase you make at the Sale.



Four only. Fumed Oak Suites, with antique brass fittings. 4ft. Wardrobe with drawer in bottom, and shaped bevelled mirror. Dressing table and Washstand, latter having marble top and back. Usual price £34 10 0. Our Special SALE PRICE £23 - 10 - 0.

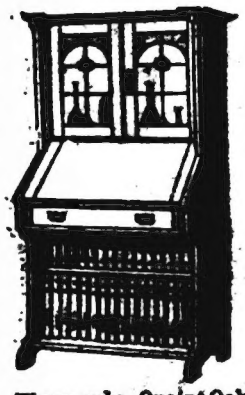
Let us Pay your Return Fare

Come to the Sale to-day—we will pay return fares for all who purchase £20 worth and upwards, as no Sale Catalogues can be issued owing to the paper shortage.

A special section of the Sale will be devoted to fine second-hand furniture at drastically reduced prices. All goods are packed and delivered free.

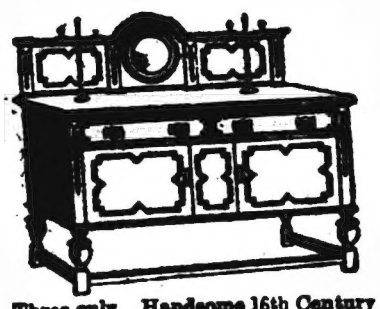
Special credit terms can be arranged for those who desire to furnish out of income, thus enabling them to participate in the advantages of this unique Sale.

War Loan Scrip accepted as Cash.



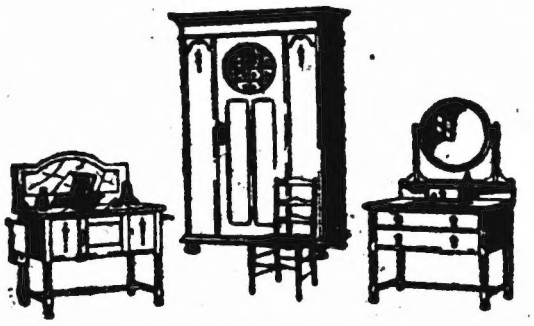
Three only. Quaint Oak Bureau, with fall front. The top part is fitted with beaded light glass doors. Usual price £5 - 17 - 6. SALE PRICE £3 - 15 - 0.

Two only. Three-piece Jacobean Suites, with underframe and loose cushions. Splendidly upholstered and covered in old-world design tapestry. Finished a rich antique brown. Usual price £19-19-0. Our Special SALE PRICE £12 - 12 - 0.



Three only. Handsome 16th Century Reproduction, made of solid figured oak, beautifully carved. Two large cupboards, one fitted with cellarette and two roomy drawers. Usual price £25-10-0. Our Special SALE PRICE £18 - 18 - 0.

Seven only. Oak Adjustable Chairs of charming design, covered in tapestry. Usual price £3-18-6. Our Special SALE PRICE £2 - 5 - 0.



Two only. Bedroom Suite, in well-seasoned Oak, finished a rich antique brown. 3 ft. 6 in. Wardrobe; Dressing Table, with bevelled mirror; Washstand, with marble top and back, and two rush-seated Chairs. Usual price £21 - 0 - 0. SALE PRICE £14 - 14 - 0.

Midland
Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C. 1.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station. 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 7. *Governing Director,* GEORGE MICHAEL, *who has been associated with the business for 40 years.* Saturdays—9 till 1.

4. **EVERYTHING for the GARDEN**
OF GUARANTESTED QUALITY.
LISTS FREE.
BEES LTD.,
175x. MILL ST., LIVERPOOL.

5
"Free Hints about your Baby"
Send for the "Glaxo" Baby Book Free.
Glaxo
155, Great Portland St., London, W.

6. **Sir HIRAM MAXIM'S**
HOME DOCTOR BOOK FREE.
Send for this concise little book, which has already enabled thousands to cure easily and quickly at home, most cases of catarrh, deafness, ear noises, bronchitis, asthma. The book and usual particulars will be sent free to all applicants on receipt of name and address. Write to the Sole Licensees.
JOHN MORGAN RICHARDS & SONS, LTD.
(Dep.J.B.),46,Holborn Viaduct,London,E.C.

7. **YOU SHOULD NOT MOVE WITHOUT AN "EVER-READY" ELECTRIC POCKET LAMP.**
The Portable Electric Light Company, Ltd.,
120, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W. 1.

8. **SAMUEL BROTHERS**
(The Famous Outfitters) LTD.
FREE Publications.
(8a) "Straight Tips for Subs." (*For Officer Cadets.*)
(8b) "Omne Tempus Raincoats." (*For All.*)
(8c) "The Seven Ages of Boyhood." (*For Juveniles.*)
LUDGATE HILL, E.C., & OXFORD CIRCUS, W.

"What d'ye lack?"

Here are some very interesting small advertisements of prominent firms, who, owing to the paper shortage, have adopted this means of keeping the readers of "JOHN BULL" acquainted with their products. You are invited to ask for further particulars on the INFORMATION COUPON below, with full name and address, posting it to—
Dept.I.C.12, "JOHN BULL," 92, Long Acre, W.C.2.

9. ***Shorthand***
Sloan-Duployan is the only easy system capable of high speed. The ONLY simple system used on the Official Parliamentary Reporting Staff. Send for free handbook with specimen lesson.—SLOAN-DUPLOYAN HEADQRS. DEPT 52 RAMSGATE.

10. **"SWAN" PENS**

11. **A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.**
If you want to earn more—to 'get on' in life—to attain real success—one of our books will help. Mention No. and letter indicating occupation desired.
11A Munition Work. 11G Mec. Engineering
11B Salesmanship. 11H Electrical do.
11C Advertising 11J Elec. Lighting, etc.
11D Motor Engnrng. 11K Wireless Telgphy
11E Industrial Chem. 11L Architecture
11F Careers for Men 11M Careers for Wom'n
I.C.S., Ltd., Kingsway, W.C.2.

12. **FREE**
each month an
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
Bright, helpful and interesting.
- - Just fits the pocket - -
Mention No. 12 on Coupon below.

14. **Is it an ALL-IN Policy?**
THE EAGLE & BRITISH DOMINIONS "ALL-IN" POLICY
gives you protection of your house and home against practically every insurable risk under one Policy, one Premium, one Payment. It is the last word in Domestic Insurance.
Ocean House, Old Broad St., E.C. 2.

2. **5,000**
British Officers and Men (including 20 Generals) and many thousands of business men and women have benefited by a Pelman Training. Quick promotion, increased incomes, greater efficiency. Can be followed by anybody, anywhere. Recommended to his readers by the Editor of "JOHN BULL."

3. **GOT THE BLUES?**
Don't worry. Vicaps, that wonderful pick-me-up for jaded nerves, will put you right. They give new strength and vigour to body and mind of all sufferers from
NERVES, NEURASTHENIA, LACK OF VITALITY, PROSTRATION, &c.
FREE. An interesting brochure upon nerve treatment, for all sufferers sending name, address and ailment, to STEPHEN MATTHEWS & Co., LTD., Dept. W.M., 2, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

INFORMATION COUPON.

Address to: Dept. I.C. 12,
"JOHN BULL," 85-94, Long Acre, W.C.2.

I am interested in the Advts. numbered*_____
_____ Please ask the firms concerned to send me further particulars as published.

*Where different booklets are offered, mention number and letter.

Name _____
Address in full _____

BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES CURED.

Domigo has been tested by scientists and sufferers with great success. It is a secret root and was discovered by an Englishman in the heart of Africa. Since its appearance in England it has cured numbers of distressing complaints where all other means have failed. Its action is thorough and far-reaching, yet very pleasant; it is a great Blood Purifier, and is free from all harmful chemicals. It cures permanently and it can cure you.

To enable sufferers to test the value of this great discovery, it has been decided to supply a limited number of Trial Treatments together with a valuable treatise on Blood and Skin Troubles for 6d. The Domigo Co., 168, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

THIS TRIAL TREATMENT 6d POST FREE

Domigo will cleanse your blood from all poisons and pollutions.

Send to-day to the **DOMIGO CO., 168, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.,** and the Trial treatment, together with treatise, will be sent you post free by return. Don't wait a day longer. Clear your skin and blood from all poisons and other troubles by means of this great discovery.

DOMIGO CURES

SHELL POISONING
LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA
ECZEMA
PSORIASIS
ULCERS
SYCOSIS
BAD LEGS
GOUTY ECZEMA
BOILS, PIMPLES
BLOTCHY SKIN
ACNE
ANÆMIA
MALARIA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
SCIATICA

Domigo Tablets, Ointment and Skin Soap can be obtained from any branch of Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Co., or post free direct.

Made at *Hammersmith*

OSRAM
G.E.C.
DRAWN WIRE LAMPS

Exclusively the Product of
BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIALS
BRITISH CAPITAL

Made at the Osram-Robertson Lamp Works Hammersmith, W.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 21.

THE "PAYMASTER".

My job is not an easy one, I can tell you; it is not all mere "forming fours," and *I* have no soft spoken sergeant to act as guide, philosopher and friend . . . my Army Accounts I keep in good marching order with the aid of an "Army Club" Cigarette . . . I smoke them . . . and know how they help me to get through the work and prevent brain exhaustion, eh!

"CAVANDER'S

Army Club

CIGARETTES"

Sold in all the Canteens at home and abroad and by all leading Tobacconists.

20 *for* 11d., 50 *for* 2/3d., 100 *for* 4/6.

For the convenience of smokers, these Cigarettes can now be obtained in paper packets of 10 Cigarettes for 5½d.

The Piece TOMMY & JACK Want to Discuss

Packet of 5 bars, 2½d.

THE Only Piece Tommy and Jack want to discuss is a lasting Piece that will cement friendship and relieve the tension, fatigue and strain of continuous fighting. That's just what a piece of WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum will do. A make-believe piece—a worthless substitute—is worse than no piece at all. It *must* be WRIGLEY'S, and be *sure* the packet bears the famous trade-mark—the *only* guarantee against spurious and injurious imitations, often containing wax and other harmful ingredients.

Wrigley's Chewing Gum aids digestion, allays fatigue and thirst, is excellent for the teeth. Ordered by H.M. Government in large quantities for troops abroad, and supplied to Red Cross for use in Hospitals.

Send to your Soldier Friends.

Enclose a Packet in every letter you write.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists (including all branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.).

WRIGLEY'S LTD. LONDON, S.E. 1.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 21

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 591. Week ending Saturday, September 29th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Have You Noticed?

That since the publication of our article last week all the papers are talking of early victory?

And Also ——

How few of them say anything about our visit? You see, even the Press is human.

Pity the Poor—Publisher!

We have often pleaded for pity for the poor Editor. Now we ask your prayers for our Publisher. The demand for our journal is so terrific that, in spite of all the resources of the largest firm of newspaper printers at his command, he needs your sympathy. No flowers.

Berlin Blather.

Pecksniff of Potsdam has been at it again quite in his old style; the heart that bled for Louvain is full of the "conciliatory and fraternal spirit." Was there ever such a regal humbug?

"Great Men."

We do not know the identity of "Alpha of the Plough," who writes special articles for the *Star*. But whatever be the name of our rustic *confrère*, we thank him for mentioning our name in the gallery of Our Great Men—even though he *does* say that "if your stomach does not rebel at a diet of cant about 'the great God of Battles,' etc., what price is there to put on your intelligence?" No doubt his livelier colleague, Captain Coe, would give him the correct odds.

Viscount Grey.

We recently recalled a declaration by Lord Haldane to the effect that when peace comes to be discussed he will "be heard of again." We observe that a campaign is now being started in a certain section of the Press for also bringing on the scene his bosom friend, Viscount Grey, the "Balkan blunderer." What a Fools' Paradise these politicians do live in!

And Three Others.

Which also reminds us that the *Daily Chronicle* is urging the Government to utilise the services, in connection with the War Aims Committee, of Mr. McKenna, Mr. Runciman and Lord Harcourt—"three statesmen in whom the country has full trust." We read this out to our cat, and it has not yet ceased laughing.

More Trouble!

According to our contemporary, *Common Sense*, the present Government "owes office chiefly to the efforts of the Northcliffe and Bottomley press." We are always getting into trouble.

Those Mine-Layers.

Are we sufficiently alert in this matter? We hear of a boat, carrying the Swedish flag, which was recently engaged in laying mines outside Bombay, and then came into port for coal and provisions and slipped off without her mission being discovered—until it was too late.

A Scene in Sussex.

It was at Falmer Station. Germhun prisoners were returning from work to Lewes. A newsboy on the platform was selling papers giving news of a recent air-raid; and the prisoners were allowed to purchase the papers and to cheer the announcement.

And Another.

Overheard in a street in Lewes: Germhun prisoner—"Where does Bottomley live?" Guard: in reply—"Somewhere just outside Newhaven." Prisoner: "How far is it from here?" Guard: "Six or seven miles." Our mastiffs—under the command of Brompton Duke—are on sentry go.

Mesopotamia.

We have received from various readers the replies of their M.P.s to our coupon calling for the punishment of the criminals. The letters make interesting reading, and we shall shortly publish an analysis of them.

East Africa.

Meanwhile, what about that other Inquiry which we demanded? No helmets; our wounded put on horse barges and the Germhuns in boats; no proper medicines—and officials treating the whole thing as a picnic, and receiving honours galore to keep matters quiet. Such is our information.

Palestine and Gaza.

And what about these fields of operation? Is this scandal, too, to be hushed up?

Sarcastic.

The *United Methodist*, apropos of the recent resignation of Mr. Henderson, says: "Mr. Bottomley said 'Go' and Mr. Henderson went. Wonderful!" It would have been more wonderful if he had remained.

Air Raids! The moonlight nights are coming—protect yourself. Sign Free Coupon on page iii of Cover.

Ads. from the Paper.

"Required for the *Arethusa* Training Ship, lying off Greenhithe, Kent," Assistant Schoolmaster, certificated, £100 per annum, with uniform and cabin on board, but no board or rations. And, from the same paper: "Boot Trade. Good all-round repairer, £3 5s. weekly." Still nothing like leather, you see!

Work for Wages.

Co-operative Societies, which are allowed by Chancellors of the Exchequer to sneak out of Income Tax, are notorious for the poor wages they pay to their often hard-worked staffs. This fact was emphasised at the Dewsbury Tribunal, when the local Pioneers Co-op. appealed for their Accountant as indispensable, though they paid him only £3 4s. a week on a turnover of £448,000 a year. They ought to give him at least a shilling a week more towards his beer and washing.

Adding to His Wounds.

A young man went to Whitley Bay for a day's pleasure, and had a day's misery instead. So many females asked him why he wasn't in the Army. Well, he has done three years' service; was shot through the thigh at the Dardanelles, gassed in France, and then shot through head and neck. When the girls spoke to him he could only turn away—for the neck wound has deprived him of his speech. Girls who *will* do silly things should make sure of their quarry; hurting a man like that is terrible.

What is Truth?

All the farmers, most of the wholesalers, and some of the retailers are trying to raise a scare of meat shortage. Even while calling Lord Rhondda "all the names they can lay their tongue to" up hill and down dale, the Superintendent of Smithfield Markets quietly puts the gag in their mouths by announcing that "supplies to-day (18th Sept.) aggregated 885 tons as against 600 tons last Tuesday and 800 tons a year ago." The food men have had a long run as public parasites; surely it is about time they settled quietly down to fair profits.

Giddy Old Gamblers.

Two most respectable ancient inhabitants of Southampton—one 86 and the other 77—met at the market concerning the sale and barter of a ladder. There was a difference of 2s. 6d. over the price, so they tossed up for it, did those giddy old daddies. Now it happened that a most spry and vigilant Special spotted that wicked act, and the result was the receipt of this, all signed very big by the Chief Constable himself: "It has been reported to me that you were playing pitch and toss. In the event of another report it will be my duty to take proceedings." The patriarchs, in sackcloth and ashes, have vowed never again to—buy a ladder. How the M.P.s—who ballot for priority in the discussion of Bills—must tremble!

Manchester's Lord Mayor Elect.

Feeling in Cottonopolis is daily growing stronger against the nomination of Sir Alexander Porter for the Lord Mayoralty of the City. We can quite understand it. For here are further extracts (we gave some a few weeks ago) from his speeches in the early days of the war: "Was it worth while to pour out England's blood and treasure to preserve the neutrality of Belgium?—We were being forced into a war—for no object that was worth the life of a single Englishman. . . We were asked to go to war because of the unreasonable jealousy and hatred of Germany. . . We could help France far better by remaining neutral." Manchester deserves a better Lord Mayor than this.

Sweater-Contractors.

The workers for a large firm holding important Government contracts give us a list of wages they receive. Here are a few specimens: Great coats, 10s. 6d. per dozen—taking 2 hours each, *i.e.*, 24 hours—or three days of 8 hours. Basting police tunics, 7s. dozen, a dozen taking nearly a week to do. We must send an Inspector down to that firm.

Raid Victims.

Complaints reach us from various quarters as to the callous nature of the arrangements in connection with the identification of air-raid victims. On a recent occasion at Southend they were placed indiscriminately in a stable, all of them being uncovered whenever a relative called. Surely a short description of each body could be fixed to the covering, so that the strain upon bereaved persons should not be intensified by the compulsory view of bodies in which they are not interested.

"Jack the Indispensable."

According to local newspapers, the management of the Cardiff café where a sailor was rudely refused attention, have endeavoured to clear themselves by asserting that the man was "merry" and intoxicated, and "not acting with decorum." All that rigmarole is disproved by the evidence of eye-witnesses, and by the fact that Jack was served in the end—after being told to "get his soup where he got his beer." The atmosphere is rendered no pleasanter by learning that the manager who behaved so cavalierly towards a British sailor is a registered alien.

A Touching Request.

Here is a letter from a Welsh reader: "I am writing to ask you if you will please be kind enough to let me have, to cherish, a discarded glove, tie or anything that you have worn. I am an outcast and a drudge, and will very likely remain so till the end of my years, but I don't mind if you will grant me my request. Very likely it is a common request, but I don't think I will ever be fortunate enough to hear you speaking, and it would mean so much to me to possess something that belonged to you. I can't deseribe how you have healed my bruised heart that was torn by people who call themselves religious." Such a letter does us good.

Confidential to Kippers.

In London there was a sailor, going to sea, and he was bound down to the strictest secrecy as to the name of his vessel and date of sailing. He sent a friend out into Aldgate for a pair of kippers. The fishes were wrapped in two documents, headed: "Leyland Line, Movements of Steamers." Dated 28th August, they contained details of ships sailing between Boston and London, departures and arrivals all set forth for more than a month. It is true the papers were marked "Private and Confidential," but they seem to us to lose any element of privacy when they come to be wrapped around kippers in Aldgate.

Heroes Home.

The frigid welcome accorded to those 400 wounded British soldiers, heroes all, of Mons and the Marne, on their arrival at Waterloo after release from Germhun prison camps, is no credit to that civic officialdom which we most vaguely call the "authorities." These men deserved a fuss being made of them if ever anybody did, and yet they were allowed to come back to Blighty with as little official notice, and as little public welcome, as would be given to the contents of a luggage van. Service, sacrifice, suffering not forgotten, perhaps, but ignored; heroes home without a handshake, without a cheer, and but for the ladies of the buffet, without a sandwich. The Germhuns would indulge a greater enthusiasm over a bit of boiled pork.

"Bullets" Birthday offer. First Prize £1,000, and over 10,000 other Prizes this week,

Sugar and Soldiers.

Re Lord Rhondda's sugar tickets, what about the married soldier home on leave and in the bosom of his wife and family? For sugar purposes, does he join the board after allotment, or is the wife supposed to count him in her ticket as a regular mouth for a share? The question is put to us by a soldier's wife, and as we can't answer it we pass it on to Lord Rhondda.

The Widow's Grievance.

A widow working on munitions at Luton has not been able to see her five-year-old child, whom she has left with a sister at her home in Wales, since Christmas. The reason is that the fare home is nearly £3, and she is allowed no railway concession whatever, although married men on munitions "have the privilege of going home cheaply at the week-end if they want to." Why this difference in the treatment of one sex and the other?

A Cheap Escape.

According to evidence in a London Police Court, a biped named James Watts, of High Road, Tottenham, put a rope round a dog's neck, tied the rope to the back of the van he drove, and dragged the dog along the road until, bleeding and foaming at the mouth, the poor beast dropped. The man was let off by the Magistrate with the inadequate mulct of 45s. and 15s. costs. Except that there is no power to inflict such a punishment under the law, a brute who could so treat a dog ought to get the cat.

More Hunpatriotism.

There are saints in Germhuny; so, at any rate, alleges the Rev. D. F. Roberts, of Maenofferen, Blaenau, Festiniog, recently preaching at the Zion C. M. Chapel, Llanrwst. As thus: "He further stated there were saints in Germany, and he would rather shake hands with a German saint than with a Britisher who sent men to battle while he took good care that neither he nor his relatives joined the forces." Admitted that Britishers of the kind are bad samples of the race, though few and far between. What sort of a sample, however, is the Rev. Mr. Roberts—fit in physique and age 33 or thereabouts?

Water for the Wounded.

We have no real knowledge how the Germhuns have treated their dogs during the war, despite the suspicion that they have eaten most of them. We do know, from a hundred authentic sources, how they have treated their British prisoners. Think on this, related by Private Elseys of the Welsh Regiment, now repatriated: "Although wounded," he says, "we were kept without food or water for four days. When one of us begged for something to drink, the nurse brought him a glass of water and threw it in his face." And still there are those among us who say we are not fighting the Germhun people—only the Germhun Potsdammers.

Divine Property.

Ullapool is a small village on the coast of Ross. Only a few old folk are there now, trying to fish, and there is an idea that once or twice some salmon got into their nets—in the absence of other fish. So the Rev. J. A. D. J. Macdonald has issued a nasty leaflet "To the People" of the district, rather like a Royal Proclamation. In it he fulminates against "the degrading sin of stealing salmon," and thinks "property is a Divine institution, protected by Divine sanctions," whereas we thought salmon was protected by man-made laws. The Minister wants everybody in Ullapool to spy upon the "thieves," so as to "rescue the rising generation from a career of crime." His shrieking leaflet is a libel on his parish, and neither charitable nor Christianlike.

Those Unclaimed Balances.

The little State of Albany has just issued a list of dormant accounts held by its banks. It comprises no fewer than 55,000 names, and represents a million dollars. And yet our Chancellor of the Exchequer does nothing!

Children of the Blind.

Sir Arthur Pearson wants his blinded bachelors to marry and bring up families, and, incidentally, to have the loving attendance and help of a wife; and he proposes to endow each youngster with five shillings a week up to the age of sixteen. Capital idea—but it requires capital to carry it out. Give him a hand with it.

Beef—and Bacon.

What the food profiteers can't make on the swings they seem determined to get on the roundabouts—and Lord Rhondda be assouaned. Down goes beef and mutton (in parts) and up goes bacon. Bacon, we are told, as we write, is half-a-crown a pound in some parts of South London, and even there everybody is not a millionaire. Lord Rhondda should now get into the provision shops.

Sugar by the Sack.

To an Army camp in Nottinghamshire drove up, in a dog-cart, the wife of an officer. All she required was 112 lbs. of sugar; it was deposited in her vehicle, and she drove sweetly away. Apart from the fact that a private's wife would not be granted one grain of sugar, even if she came for it in a pantechnicon, there is the interesting revelation that an Army canteen seems authorised to deal in groceries by wholesale.

Not in Prison.

Persons under remand in Maidstone Gaol are allowed the luxury of newspapers, by paying for them. But a correspondent who accepted a rather unreasonable invitation to remain there for a day or two, tells us that the prison bars are up against JOHN BULL. "Why do you want that sort of paper?" they ask. "You can have any other, but not that." Well, perhaps it is comfortable to know that we cannot get into gaol.

Bathurst *v.* Bottomley.

In the course of a sermon in Bathurst (New South Wales) Cathedral, Dr. Long, the Bishop, complained that "Mr. Horatio Bottomley, in JOHN BULL, had tickled the ears of the groundlings in England by telling them that Britain had nothing to repent of." The Bishop thought there was, and instanced the "drink traffic" and "the slums of East London." The only thing anybody except those on the stump round the pump repents of in the drink traffic, so far as we can hear, is the price and the shortage. As for the rest, it is difficult to conceive that his Satanic Majesty started the war because of the London slums.

Nosy-Parkers.

There is a lot too much nosy-Parkering in the female health-visiting industry. These are some of the questions the Visitors ask poor people in the Newcastle district: "What is your husband? What does he earn? How much does he give you? Is your furniture paid for? Have you settled for your rent? Are your husband and yourself of respectable parents? How long have you been married? Do you clear your table immediately after meals?" And so on and so forth. Of course, only working-class people are subjected to this inquisition.

"Bullets" Fifth Birthday.

To celebrate it we are offering a First Prize of £1,000, as well as over 10,000 other valuable prizes. Don't miss this opportunity.

In a bomb-proof trench or a scholar's den, you're certain of finding a "John Bull" Pen.

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By A. G. Hales.

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If the enemy craft that fly so beautifully, and hover so steadily, are not taking photographs of all likely spots adjacent to our Eastern Coast-line, then I am a badly mistaken man. If, also, they are not taking and charting aerial bearings, the problem is one I cannot solve, and the working of the German mind is harder to follow than the mind of an Asiatic—which I beg leave to doubt. This seemingly purposeless, scrambling, haphazard series of visits must have a well-designed purpose behind it, or the German is a blithering idiot in the game of war. The want of skill in bombing, the non-participation in active warfare of a section of each squad that visits us, is all too obvious to be to my liking, and whilst I know my business too well to try and teach *our* High Command *its* business, I would urge them in the public interest to strain every nerve to be ready for any coup the enemy may attempt to bring off in the region I have drawn attention to. Mr. Lloyd George once passionately declared that we were "too late in everything." For God's sake, do not let us be too late in this! The open German chatter concerning their willingness to evacuate Belgium makes me uneasy. Is this confession on weariness another trick to lull us to a false security when victory is almost within our reach? Do they intend to make a mad-dog effort to invade us, whilst talking of evacuating Belgium?

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"'HELLO!' GIRLS" AMONG THE BOMBS.

STRESS AND STRAIN AT THE "ARE-YOU-THERE?" BOARD.

We have received many letters from the public and from women telephone operators with regard to their being kept at their instruments on glass-roofed top floors of high buildings during Germhun air raids, while all other workers in the buildings are allowed to seek cover. The general consensus is put by a Lyndhurst gentleman: "The public has taken for granted that the officials in charge would have the ordinary consideration and common sense to order the telephone staff under proper cover. If this is not in future done in the Post Office and elsewhere, and any casualties happen, the persons responsible for such cruel carelessness and folly ought to be scragged." In thanking us for our advocacy, a "'Hello!' Girl" gives us a glimpse of the stress of her toil. "The strain of continuous air raids, combined with the nerve-racking nature of our work and the unreasonable and selfish attitude of subscribers after air raids, has to my knowledge," she says, "considerably helped on some acute cases of neurasthenia. You would have much difficulty in finding a more patriotic body of working girls than telephone operators. Are there any private firms who call upon their *employées* to leave their beds in the middle of the night, traverse the deserted streets through doubtful localities and in raided areas, to take up duty for an uncertain length of time—possibly hours—and then, when all is over, walk home again unescorted and probably subjected to insults from certain types of men who still seem to abound, despite the fact that there is a war on? My particular Exchange has a staff of over a hundred girls. During the big raid on that particular Saturday morning not one of the girls attempted to leave her post. They worked continuously for practically four hours without a stop, and although the time for lunch is three-quarters of an hour the majority took ten minutes, just sufficient time to get a cup of tea and a biscuit, and then resumed work. Quite a number of operators, listed for late duty, on hearing of the raid, came through the streets to assist their colleagues to cope with the rush caused by the selfish thoughtlessness of a minority, endangering their lives in so doing through their sense of duty. If an air raid occurs in the evening, the telephonists are kept on duty from 8 o'clock until 3 a.m. or 4 a.m. next morning, and are required to report for duty again at their scheduled time, possibly 8 a.m. or 9 a.m. that day. What rest are we expected to get in so short a time? Is there, I ask again, any private firm who would work their *employées* in this way? I do not think so." Nor do we. But the "'Hello!' Girl" is evidently also a brave girl; and because she is also a brave girl doing her bit in this cheerful way, we think the Postmaster-General ought to give her at least as fair a chance to obtain cover during air raids as the public and other official staffs claim for themselves. It is a downright shame that she should be literally imprisoned and exposed to danger accentuated by her location, while everybody else dives at once into cellars and tubes and dug outs and safe deposits. So far as we can gather, the official explanation of the method adopted in regard to the operators practically confirms the information we have received. It appears that the present arrangement is to continue to keep the operators in their dangerous positions after warning has been given and before the "Take Cover" is sounded, the explanation being that during the interval there is a large amount of essential traffic to be dealt with, such as calls to Ambulance and Fire Stations, Anti-Aircraft gun positions, and the like—that when the "Take Cover" is sounded, the order now, we are assured, is that none of the staff is to be kept on duty, and that all are able to seek the safety of the lower places. While we are glad to know of this recent change for the better, there are still in our opinion many ways in which the lot of the "'Hello!' Girls" could be improved, and we look to the authorities to act upon the information we have given them.

A CRUEL CENSURE.

METHODIST PARSON AND A WIFE'S HONOUR.

Unfortunately, the Rev. E. C. Bartlett, until a few days ago ministering at the Methodist Free Church, Haverigg, Cumberland, appears to be a stranger to the charity that "thinketh no evil." It seems that not long ago a woman resident at Millom, the wife of a Cumberland miner, was delivered of a still-born child, and upon her safe emergence from a dangerous ordeal, she was anxious to "return thanks." She, therefore, communicated with Mr. Bartlett, and received in reply the following amazing letter:—

> It has come to the knowledge of the Circuit Officials yesterday, that it is your wish to come to the Haverigg Sunday School to-morrow afternoon to return thanks. They submit that the school is not the place for that on account of the many rumours that are afloat, and that reflect very much indeed upon your conduct; they feel that such an action on your part is not necessary. There are many members of the Church that are against this request of yours, so the officials, in order that there may not be any fresh scandal in the Church, have asked me to write you and ask you not to come. Please therefore accede to our request.

We submit to the Rev. E. C. Bartlett that this is a most disgraceful letter, repeating cruel and slanderous gossip for which, as far as our own investigations have gone, there appears to have been no serious foundation. Mr. Bartlett, in a subsequent letter to the woman's brother (a soldier at the front), executed a cowardly retreat from his original position. It pleased this censorious minister to repudiate the serious meaning of the previous letter, declaring that the only objection was to her attending the Sunday School to return thanks, and that "the protests and complaints" were applied solely to that point. He even went so far as to mention that she attended Chapel the following Sunday evening, and that actually "no one dreamt" of interfering! Either his letter to the unhappy woman was an unjustifiable slander or that to her brother was false and hypocritical. The matter reflects no credit upon Mr. Bartlett or the church—which, according to his own testimony, seems to be troubled by scandals.

FROM PILLAR TO POST.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR EMPLOYMENT OF EX-SOLDIERS.

On no account would we hinder any good work done by the National Association for Employment of Ex-Soldiers, of 119, Victoria Street, London, S.W., but we are bound to suggest that its organisation is not perfect. Perhaps its Chief will note the following facts. A discharged man wrote to the Head Office for a list of branches where he might apply, and a printed list came, together with an assurance that "there is a branch at Sheffield and Chester." The applicant first communicated with the Wrexham branch, agreeably to the printed list. The reply was:—"I beg to inform you that no information is available here as to the prospect of obtaining employment at Wrexham. Employers do not notify this depôt of their requirements, although occasionally an application is made for a soldier to fill a particular vacancy. I would advise you to communicate with the Secretary of the Employment Exchange stating your qualifications, and have no doubt that that official will be able to advise you as to whether there is a likelihood of your obtaining what you require here." Having drawn that blank, the searcher for work proceeded to Sheffield, where "there is a branch," as proclaimed by the printed list. But the applicant, going to Sheffield and calling at the address indicated, received another facer. The caretaker informed him the branch had been closed since 1914. Surely the Head Office in London should have been aware of that? The soldier, who was discharged on account of nervous breakdown, was able to earn up to £3 10s. weekly before joining up. He feels now that all that is left for him is a labourer's job in munition works, and despairs, being a married man, of retaining his respectability on the wage. The National Association for Employment of Ex-Soldiers, to be worthy of its name, must do better than that for him and others, besides correcting its own errors. Our correspondent's view is that the Association "exists principally for the purpose of finding soft jobs for officials, and is not of any use to discharged soldiers."

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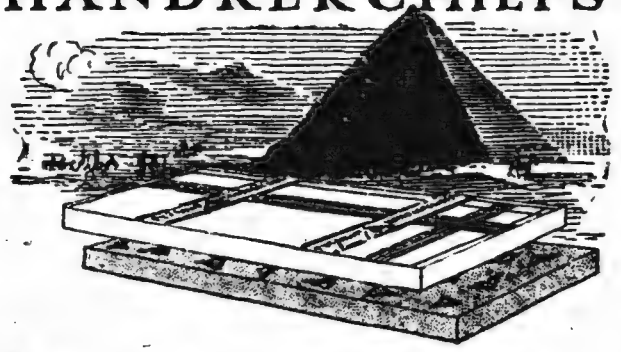

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Photo by] [London Stereoscopic Co.

THE ROYAL PHYSICIAN SIR MORELL MACKENZIE,

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"UP A TREE."

"There were three birds sat on a tree,
They looked as black as black could be."

SILLY SUMMONSES.

POLICE COURT FARCE AT PLYMOUTH.

While some war-time Regulations are "honoured in the breach," others, often of lesser importance, are enforced with indiscriminate zeal. For instance, at Plymouth the other day there were several prosecutions under the Cakes and Pastry Order, one of the least intelligent edicts of the Food Controller's Department. Against one hapless confectioner there was a summons "in respect of six cakes, to which nut had been added," the offending cakes, retailed at a halfpenny each, having been lightly dusted with "coconut chips." Such outside decorations are, it seems, illegal, and although the Chairman of the Bench "had to put on his glasses to see where the nut was," the defendant was fined 2s. 6d. In another case a shopkeeper was called to account for "adding fruit to a cake after mixing," the trouble apparently being that for the sake of ornament a couple of sultanas had been stuck on the top. This again was illegal, and entailed a fine of 5s., although the unlucky confectioner might apparently have stuffed as many sultanas inside his cake as it would hold, without the least infringement of the Cakes and Pastry Order. A third defendant owed his appearance at Court to the fact that three-pennyworth of cakes purchased at his shop by an enterprising detective officer "bore a shiny appearance produced by egg washing." The iniquity of this proceeding had to be explained to the Magistrates at some length, but in the end a fine of 10s. was imposed, the august authority of the Food Controller being thus handsomely vindicated. In the main, no doubt, the Food Control Orders are directed to useful ends, but it is important that they should be enforced by the police with a modicum of intelligence and administered by Magistrates with a measure of common sense. It is regrettable that it is almost invariably the petty offenders who are pounced upon—the greater ones enjoy serene immunity.

WORKING UP THE AGONY.

SIDELIGHTS ON MRS. SNOWDEN'S PEACE STUNT.

One of Mrs. Philip Snowden's stunts is the "Women's Peace Crusade," and in a letter to Secretaries of branches of the I.L.P. she throws much illumination upon her methods, quite characteristic, of working up the business and piling on the agony. The Secretaries, addressed as "Dear Friends," are "strongly urged" to organise the "Crusade" in their districts, and to follow Glasgow, Leicester, Blackburn, etc., in doing "splendid work for Peace by Negotiation." Other crank movements, it appears, are in sympathy, and it "has been found profitable to enlist for this special piece of work" the women belonging to them. Here are the chosen bodies to help to boost Madam Snowden's special piece of work:—Women's International League, Women's Co-operative Guild, Adult Schools, Society of Friends, British Socialist Party, Fellowship of Reconciliation, No-Conscription Fellowship, and the Peace Negotiations Committee. It is a gorgeous selection of Fools, Faddists, and Suspects, but one seems to miss the Bedlam Boche-brothers and the Hanwell Hun-lovers. However, let us digest Mrs. Ethel Snowden's closing suggestion—"*All* can help, *even children*"; she underlines the words. And she adds:—"What more pathetic appeal could be made to the hearts and consciences of men than a procession of children carrying flags with the words inscribed, 'I want my daddy'?" Should the reader perchance see any poor kiddies exploited in that nauseating fashion, he will know how the thing is done. We think there are very few soldiers' children in the land who would willingly lend themselves to such an artificial display of calculated and machine-made pathos. Most of the youngsters we note, at school and in the streets, wear proudly the badge of daddy's regiment. Their little hearts beat with pride, and they would scorn to carry the white rag or the black flag of the Snowdenite gang.

MORE TRUTH FRO

What Haig Told Me—A Message for

By THE E

WELL, my visit to the Front has certainly caused a stir. "Somewhere In Hell" caught the public imagination, and I am simply submerged in a sea of congratulatory correspondence—much of it from soldiers at home, thanking me for having gone out. I am indeed glad that I have done so—not that I should care again to run the risks I encountered in my determination to see things for myself. But having seen them, I think I can do better work at home; although should special circumstances arise, rendering another visit desirable, I shall not hesitate to seek the necessary permission to go out once more. There can be no harm, perhaps, in my now mentioning that whilst in the trenches I was with the gallant Lancashire and Yorkshire regiments, and near the scene of the great activity mentioned in the despatches from Sir Douglas Haig still coming to hand as I write. Yes, I took some risks, but here I am—more than ever the servant of the soldier.

The Psychological Moment.

Undoubtedly my mission was well timed. The weakening of the enemy, which had been in progress for many months, was reaching its climax—and I had remarkable opportunities of testing its reality. *I found Germany beaten in the West*—and, say what you like, when she is beaten in the West, she is beaten everywhere. And so, as I said last week, *the war is won.* But therein lies a problem—it may even be a trap. This is the moment for vigilance—it is the psychological moment. We have won the War—*but we have not won the Peace.* Let me explain. At any moment now, Sir Douglas Haig may have the enemy on the run, and once on the run he may at any moment surrender. (As a matter of fact, the "push" I had in my mind, has now commenced near Ypres.) Lens is already at our mercy whenever the word "Go!" is spoken—*and so are other towns. All these places will be evacuated*—indeed, the evacuation has begun. Lens to-day is practically deserted, and that is one of the reasons why we are not bothering ourselves about taking it at the moment. Well then, don't you see what will happen? Whilst we are overcoming the obstacles—in the form of mines, barbed wire, destroyed bridges, poisoned water and other things which will be placed in our way—the Germans will be making headlong for the Rhine and their own country—every inch of which is still intact. *And then they will sue for peace.* The Kaiser will—in the hypocritical name of Humanity—propose an armistice. *And unless we stop it now, the politicians will fall into the trap.* No satisfactory peace could possibly be arranged during the armistice; and whilst the delegates were gabbling and chattering like a lot of monkeys—in Sweden or some other Neutral Cabbage Patch—Germany would be consolidating her position, recuperating her army and making our march on Berlin infinitely more difficult and costly. That is the scheme, and it is up to you and me, and all of us, to scotch it at its birth." No Armistice—No Truce; To Berlin!"—that must be our cry; and that cry must go up to Heaven *to-day.* And it must be dinned into the ears of the Politicians till it has destroyed any other idea in their minds. The evacuation of Northern France and Belgium—even the abandonment of Alsace and Lorraine—must constitute no basis for peace parleying. Haig will attend to those matters—it is part of *his* job. All Peace negotiations must be in Berlin—with an Allied army in occupation.

A Message for Lloyd George.

I have come from the Front with a special message for the Prime Minister. It has been given me by officers of all ranks, and by the men in their thousands—aye, and by men lying terribly wounded in hospital. On Tuesday, Sept. 11th, I sat at the bedside of a dying soldier. His wounds were too pitiful to behold. He had recognised me and had asked the nurse to bring me to him. It was in the Canadian Hospital (which means that the hospital is staffed by Canadian doctors and nurses—there is no distinction in nationality of the patients at these glorious institutions). I went to the poor fellow, spoke words of comfort—and I hope of Love—to him, and leant over his wan and pain-racked face to catch his weakening whispers. "Don't let them patch it up," were almost his last words. Well, I bring that message to Mr. Lloyd George—as head of the King's Government. "Remember that the Asquith declaration, made when you were a member of his Ministry, and more than once endorsed by you, pledged us to fight on 'until the military domination of Prussia is fully and *finally destroyed.*' In other words, we are out to slay the Teutonic Military monster, and the place to slay him in is Berlin—so that the German people may see it die, and know that it *is* dead. I ask you to declare at once emphatically that that is still the 'aim' of Britain. Let there be no ambiguity about it. The boys at the Front demand it. And don't have any more of those ridiculous Paris Conferences. Believe me, the fighting men have something better to do. When they have got the Hun on his knees, pleading for peace—then, and not till then, will be your turn. But you must make one condition precedent—*peace must be discussed in Berlin.* That is the message I bring from the Trenches. Heed it." And now let us get on with my story.

What Haig Told Me.

As I mentioned last week, I had the privilege, during my visit, of discussing the situation with Sir Douglas Haig. I am not at liberty to publish many of the things which he told me, or all the views which he expressed. But during the whole of our conversation there came very forcibly to my mind that interview, published some months ago, and the substantial accuracy of which was never disputed. "Peace cannot be anything without absolute victory," was the keynote of the interview—and "for the tranquility of the world, Germany must be for ever broken up." I am certainly able to say that those are still the views of the Field-Marshal. Nor have I any reason to think that he would wish me to modify the statement that

OM THE TRENCHES.

for Lloyd George—Wonderful Tommy!

EDITOR.

"Our cavalry is awaiting the opening of the gate, so that the enemy's retreat may be turned into a rout. The enemy will not have the possibility of entrenching himself very far beyond the lines." Incidentally, I may say that I saw some of that cavalry in waiting. I must not indicate the regiments of which it consisted, but certainly a finer, or more confident, or more splendidly horsed brigade has never been seen upon the battlefield. But to get back to our conversation. My first question was about Lens—when was it likely to fall? Sir Douglas smiled and said, in his own quiet, imperturbable manner, "Whenever we wish it." He then took me over the map and explained his strategic reasons for being in no immediate hurry to take the place—which, to my surprise, I ascertained was already practically empty. I was naturally anxious to know when another big push was to begin, and I expressed a keen desire to witness it. "How long are you staying?" asked Sir Douglas. And when I replied that I should have to return within a week, he said, "Then I am afraid you will just miss it." We know now to what he referred—but he is a veritable Sphinx when it comes to giving details of his plans. And who shall blame him?

Sir Douglas and My Desire.

Our conversation was just before my first visit to the trenches, and I ventured to hope that I should witness some good fighting. I told him I wanted to see the men on both sides charging each other with bayonets; our cavalry in full pursuit; I wanted to see trenches and dug-outs blown into the air—woods in flames; Huns throwing down their arms and surrendering, prisoners marching through by the thousand into the cages; bombs dropping everywhere from the air—"and generally," said I, "something like real war, as I understand it." Again Sir Douglas smiled. "You think that would be the best way to finish it, do you?" he asked; and on my replying in the affirmative, I was flattered when he said, "Perhaps you are right"—but my heart sank when he added, "I would not, however, like to say, if your plan were carried out, what the result would be"! And then we became more serious. Without disclosing any confidential matters, I am sure I may say that Sir Douglas entertains no atom of doubt as to both a complete *and an early* victory—at any rate, so far as the West is concerned. He is completely satisfied that we have seen the best of the enemy's power in the field; that he is weakening visibly all along the line. But, like the truly great man he is, he recognises that in the past some of the German troops have put up magnificent fights, although, as our strength in men and munitions has increased, we have gradually obtained, and have now absolutely secured, the upper hand. He does not deny that there are various grievances—many of them inevitable in a war of this kind—under which our soldiers labour. Some of these I called his attention to, and I am in a position to assure the men, one and all, that never did an army possess a more sympathetic Chief. He spoke with pride and pleasure of the manner in which our soldiers are fed as compared with the Germans. Each of our fighting men gets a pound of meat a day, in addition to his bacon—whereas the German soldier gets only seven-and-a-half ounces a day altogether, and this is reduced to four-and-a-half when he is not actually fighting. And so we talked and talked—wandering over some of the many maps—wonderfully prepared and marked, and reproducing the exact configuration of the ground—which hang from the walls and lie upon the tables of the room—and which are annotated from hour to hour as progress is reported. And here let me mention an interesting little incident. From time to time an A.D.C. would enter the room with a message for the Field-Marshal, and I was much struck with the appearance of one young and handsome fellow. Inquiring his identity, imagine my surprise and pleasure on being told that he was the son of General Botha! He is quite a young man, but at the age of ten he actually carried a rifle in the South African war, and, with his father, was one of the party which captured General Gough!

Wonderful Tommy!

And now a word about the men. How wonderful they are. As one of the German prisoners—he was a University Student—said to me—"You British do breed them"; and I thought that an eloquent testimonial. But to appreciate Tommy at his true worth you need to see him at his work. Whether in the trenches or the Rest Camps, on the march or in the hospital, he is ever and always the same cheerful, hopeful, confident soul—with an absolutely unfathomable contempt for the *Boche* (you should see the curl of his lips as he pronounces the word!). And that is where the contempt of "French's contemptible little army" came in—at Mons and on the Marne. Let me give one or two illustrations. We were walking back from the first lines, through the communication trenches, and came upon a little group of men cooking their dinner in a dug-out. "How's the war going?" I asked. "Fine," came the reply—"*Have a fried potato?*" And the guns were roaring away all around us! To another group—just at the end of the trench, I said, "You are looking very happy." "Yes, sir," said a merry faced fellow—"we all backed your horse at Brighton on Saturday." (To the uninitiated I may explain that I had taken the rare liberty of winning a race that day.) You can't eradicate the sporting instinct from the soldier—and thank God you can't! Here's the funniest illustration of all: "The war's won," I said on another occasion. "Good! *What's second and third?*" came the ready retort—and even the General who was with me had to join in the laughter. These, however, are the lighter shades of Tommy's nature. Get him in serious mood, and you find that deep down in his soul is a full sense of the sacred task upon which he is engaged. Talk to him of his folk at home, and he becomes quiet and reflective. And in those moments we know what is in his heart. Next week I will tell you more.

SPECIAL "JUSTICE."

EDINBURGH POLICE AND MAGISTRATES.

Having attended to an outbreak of fire in an Edinburgh residence, two members of the city fire brigade so far forgot themselves as to appropriate one of the half-dozen bottles of whisky they found in the house. A Special Constable joined in the play and took another bottle along to the fire station. It was wrong of them, very wrong. But far from being desirous of prosecuting the men, the occupier of the house stated that they were welcome to any refreshment they had taken. The police authorities took another view of the case—the three offenders were brought before the police court and each fined £5, with the option of thirty days' imprisonment. The Special Constable got a word from the Bench to remind him that he was employed for the purpose of protecting property. Quite so; but surely the Magistrate has heard of the notorious Sim case, in which an Edinburgh police-sergeant systematically robbed the shops on his beat, and was not brought to book until his house had become a veritable provision store, and more than one shop assistant had been dismissed on suspicion of theft. How much concern was shown for the protection of property then, when this accomplished rascal was allowed to escape punishment on promising to join the Army? Contrasts of this kind make a fool of justice. To carry the thing further, Sim with his host of robberies has never had a word of mention in the Edinburgh papers even to this day, while the little lapse of the Special Constable and the firemen (one of them a man with sixteen years' service in the Brigade) has had every publicity.

TOWN COUNCIL OR TOMMY?

A CONTRAST IN "SHABBINESS" AT TORQUAY.

Charles Lowe, of Cliffe View, Walls Hill Road, Torquay, discharged from the Army after a serious operation, with 2½ years of war service and sacrifice behind him, asked the local Town Council for his old place as Road Inspector and Foreman of Works—a position he held before enlistment. He claimed this place in redemption of what is described as an official promise of reinstatement, in addition to half-pay while on active service. Lowe says he was informed by one of the officials, in the course of an interview, that he had done a "shabby thing" in leaving his employment, "and now," he asserts, "they have stopped my allowance and offered me a month's wages in settlement of all claims." By his own account, the man has for three months made unavailing efforts to obtain work, and with the £45 awarded him by the Government rapidly disappearing and a wife in delicate health, it is evident that his position is one which no member or official of the Torquay Council would care to face. We cannot believe there is any ratepayer in Torquay, living as it does largely on visitors, who would desire to give so prosperous a town a bad name for the mean treatment of the country's discharged soldiers.

WAR BREAD AS A JOY FOR EVER.

THE UNBOUNDED ENTHUSIASM OF A STRICT METHODIST.

Somebody is always blessing us, or cursing us, or worrying us, or tickling us. Here is a man on the tickle with a screed half a yard long. Boiling it down to pure extract, this is what we get: "In every issue of John Bull I find scurrilous references to war bread, and you evidently long for a return to the piping times of pre-war bread," says he. "Now let me state that since the war bread has been introduced I have never enjoyed better health. I have always been a bread eater, and I eat war bread with as much gusto as I ate pre-war bread. Long past 40 years of age, I have never had a day's illness since 1889, and I attribute my immunity therefrom to the stock I came from and to the fact that I have always been a strict Methodist. I have never had indigestion; when I eat pears I eat skin and stalks. . . . You can publish this letter if you like, and put my name to it. Like St. Paul, I am not ashamed of the Gospel. Sam Widdowsen, 305, Charles Road, Small Heath, Birmingham." Which proves that, however much war bread may sometimes affect the stomach, it does not always affect the jaw.

CAPTAIN AND CREW.

ANOTHER SIMPLE STORY OF THE SEA.

The survivors of the crew of the s.s. *Minnehaha* have presented their Captain with a marble clock. Would you learn why? Because, after the vessel was torpedoed, many men owed their lives to "his bravery when they were nearly drowning—he gave his own lifebelt to a fireman; he got off the raft to help some more to get on, and very nearly lost his own life by so doing." That is the simple story told "on behalf of the crew by one of them"—a plain, straightforward sailor man of Tilbury, who asks us to print those details, just to show "there is still plenty of grit left in the merchant seamen, and the Germans will never frighten them and never stop them manning a ship so long as there is one left to man." Truly are these seafarers grand people!

HOW THE MONEY FLIES.

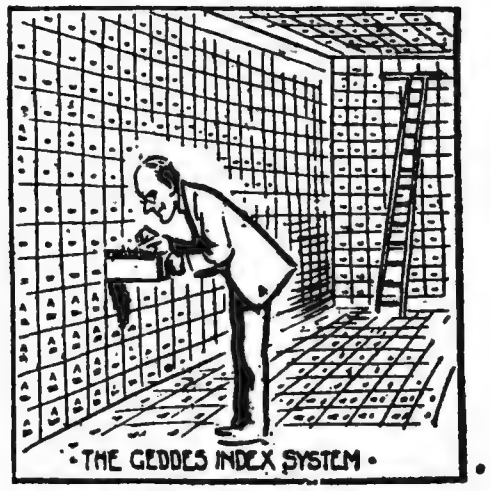
"ALL DRESSED UP AND NOWHERE TO GO."

Our old friend the s.s. *Aquitania*, notwithstanding her chameleonic transference to hospital ship, then to transport and back again to liner, remains a white elephant. She has been lying at a certain anchorage for months, doing nothing except burning about 250 tons of coal daily in her banked fires. Neither owners nor Admiralty will bear the responsibility of taking her to sea, as they fear submarines—so the Transport Department have laid down moorings at a cost of £10,000. She can now lie there comfortably all the winter, doing nothing on Government pay. And our other maritime monster, the *Mauretania*, is lying up, too! What says our "experienced practical Shipping Controller"?—as he has been termed by a leading membet of the Cabinet.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

The busy workers on the Clyde
Receive His Majesty with pride,
Who, in his unaffected style,
Chats with the labouring rank and file.

In vain the Hun—foul spawn of Hell—
Strives his securities to sell
In Switzerland, for there the banks
Decline his overtures with thanks.



Soon all of them that sit at ease,
While Tommy's fighting overseas,
Must cease their idle, selfish games,
For Geddes' taken all their names.

Is Your Boy Nearing Military Age?

How the N.B. Wireless Schools' POSTAL TRAINING Can Help Your Boy

DO you know that he can give an *indispensable* service to his country in the Wireless Profession, which also offers him a career worth following?

Our perfected method of Postal Training makes it easy for lads of ordinary education to qualify in about six months—the large numbers already trained by us is proof. A great advantage of our Postal System over others is that the home student is enabled to practise Receiving as well as Sending Signals in Morse by means of an instrument called the Compactophone. These Compactophones can be purchased outright or by payment of a small weekly rental. Get your boy started training at once.

As a student he has a measure of protection; as a Wireless Operator aboard ship, he is exempt from Military Service.

5,000 WIRELESS OPERATORS WANTED AT ONCE

Read the official War Office statement:—

"Owing to the present urgent demand for Wireless Operators in the Mercantile Marine, students entering the school prior to their 18th birthdays and making such progress that they are able to obtain the necessary Certificates on or before reaching the age of 18½, will be temporarily exempted from Military Service, until a sufficient number of Operators has been obtained. *This exemption continues so long as students of Military age who have passed into the Mercantile Marine are employed as Operators at sea.*"

William J. Kerr

Managing Director.

FREE BOOK

All information regarding our Wireless Postal Course, the work and prospects of the Wireless Operator, and how our Schools help their students, is given in the Book illustrated here. Send for it to-day.

N.B. WIRELESS SCHOOLS Ltd

GLASGOW - - 206 Bath Street
EDINBURGH - - 48 George Square
DUNDEE - - Melville House
11 Nethergate

This Watch

Ingersoll "Radiolite" **12/6**

is the cheapest full "Radiolite" dial watch made by Ingersolls. It sells for 12/6 in thousands of shops all over the United Kingdom. The "Radiolite" substance used to make the hands and figures self-luminous—enabling you to tell the time in the dark—is the same as that used on all Ingersoll models.

As a timekeeper it has all the merits for which Ingersoll watches are famous. Made on the standardised Ingersoll principle, in a factory where millions of watches are turned out annually, it is accurate to a fine degree, and will stand much hard usage without getting out of order.

For the man in the factory or on the land, for postmen, policemen, and others who need a sturdy, accurate watch for night as well as day, the Ingersoll "Radiolite" is strongly commended.

Look for the Shop where Ingersoll Watches are sold

15,000 shopkeepers throughout the United Kingdom sell Ingersoll watches. You will find them in the dealers' windows in almost every town and village from Land's End to John o'Groats.

Nearly every one of these dealers carries a good assortment of Ingersolls in stock, enabling you to make a careful choice of the watch most suited to your needs at the price you want to pay. Here is a list of some of the most important Ingersoll models:

Ingersoll Radiolite ..	12/6
Triumph	9/-
Triumph Radiolite ..	14/-
Eclipse	12/6
Junior or Midget ..	15/-
Waterbury	18/6
Waterbury Radiolite	23/6
Reliance Snap Back	20/-
Reliance Screw Back	21/-
Reliance Gun Metal	21/-
Wrist Radiolite ..	21/-

Pick out the one you think you would like and go into any shop where Ingersolls are sold and ask to see it. The more you examine an Ingersoll, the more will you be amazed that such a watch can be sold for the money.

Waterbury, "Radiolite" Figures.

A jewelled watch, dependable in every way. Very suitable for business men.

The Man Behind the Counter

If your dealer cannot supply the watch you desire, we will send it post free on receipt of price. Write for fully illustrated catalogue, post free, to

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Ltd., 353, Regent House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 21.

HOW WEAK NERVES CAN BE RESTORED AND GIVEN NEW "NERVE LIFE."

A True Scientific Nutrient Restorative with a Marvellous Record of Success.

10,000 PACKAGES FOR DISTRIBUTION.

The hurry, worry, anxiety, and "war strain" of to-day produces weak and over-taxed nerves, of which a few sure signs are sleeplessness, languidness, inability to concentrate, fear of impending trouble, hysteria, etc. The Nerve Cells, the centre of vital energy, do not extract their peculiar nourishment from the daily food eaten, and no drugs, medicines, medicated wines, or other stimulants and narcotics can feed the "starved" nerve cells. They require a special concentrated food which will replenish the wasted nerve cells with the natural phosphoric fatty nutriment lacking, and when this nerve substance is abundant diseases of the nervous system cannot exist. The Muller Nutrient (free of all baneful drugs) is a concentrated "nerve cell" food of the highest value, and it supplies in the most assimilable form the natural substance which gives new energy, strength and stamina to the exhausted nerve centres.

A REMARKABLE LETTER.

Dear Sirs,—I feel it my duty to tell you that your Muller Nutrient has accomplished for me what no medicine or medical treatment has been able to do. Nearly a year ago I was unable to do any work. I consulted two doctors, both of whom considered I was suffering from consumption, and my best chance of recovery was to return to my native land—Italy. Being married, and having a wife and family to support, I was most reluctant to take that step unless I found it quite unavoidable. In the meantime I tried all kinds of medicines, and altogether spent considerable sums for a man in my position, but without benefit. Fortunately for me I heard of the Muller Nutrient, and following directions I used it steadily for close upon four months, with the result that I have been completely restored to health. This in spite of the fact that my occupation is very trying and confined every day to the close atmosphere of a London restaurant. My improvement has come about without any change in my hard work, long hours, or habits. My indigestion, which was formerly in a chronic bad condition, is now all right. I eat and drink anything. I sleep splendidly and have a first-class appetite. I met a friend last week whom I have not seen for some months, and at first he did not recognise me. He said I did not look the same man, and asked me what I had done to cause such a great and beneficial change.

Candidly speaking, I feel like a new man. My friends can testify to the truth of this statement, which you are at liberty to use for the benefit of others.

Believe me to remain, dear Sirs,

Yours faithfully, P. GREGORY.

29, St. Mark's Road, Kennington Park, S.E.
June 21st, 1917.

1-WEEK TRIAL SUPPLY 6d.

Active brainworkers, who frequently suffer from Weak Concentration, Defective Memory, Loss of Will Power, Distaste for Continued Work, Brain Fag, and Cloudy Thinking, will find that Dr. Muller's Preparation will dispel these symptoms by nourishing the brain with the precious food substance it imperatively requires, thus renewing its mental freshness and vitality.

The Muller Laboratories have put aside 10,000 full-sized boxes of Dr. Muller's Nutrient for distribution amongst readers suffering from any nervous ailment.

Each box contains sufficient to last for seven days. By writing for it to-day you can obtain the whole week's supply for 6 stamps.

It will enable you to commence to rebuild your nervous trouble and make yourself strong and well and full of vitality, force and power.

With the week's trial course of the Nutrient will be sent full directions for use and a presentation copy of Dr. Muller's Book on the Nervous System and its requirements for health. Published at 1s., this Book will also be sent you FREE.

This generous offer is only intended to be taken advantage of once, and only one trial supply can be sent to the same person.

Send up your full name and address, with six penny stamps, to 570, The Muller Laboratories, 144, Albany Street, London, N.W.1., and the booklet and a package containing a seven days' Trial Supply of the Nutrient will be sent free in a plain sealed cover.

Sufferers and Inquirers calling at the Consulting Offices, 144, Albany Street, London, N.W.1., can see the Acting Consultant, who will be pleased to give Expert Advice entirely Free of Charge.

The Muller Nutrient can be ordered from Boots' and Taylor's Branches, Heppell's Pharmacies, and from all high-class Chemists in the United Kingdom.

Notice! A Guaranteed British Product under British Control and Ownership.

The Dr Muller Nutrient

A True Nerve Restorative free of Baneful Drugs

Price from 2/6 a Box of all good Chemists. Superior to all Nerve Foods in "Powder" form.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 21.

"PRINTED IN SAXONY."

RAPHAEL TUCK'S POUND OF FLESH.

There is a phase of the German-printed postcard question that should not be overlooked. It is the position of a shopkeeper who stocked the stuff innocently in the old days. We have a definite instance in the case of a man whose wife was interviewed by the traveller of Raphael Tuck's, a firm notorious for its "Printed in Saxony" cards. Before the war, all Tuck's colour printing was, we believe, done in an enemy country. An order was given for cards, value about £7, and £2 was paid on account. Then customers brought back the cards and pointed out the hated inscription, which had not been noticed in the shop. The dealer told the Tuck firm that the stuff was unsaleable, and that he could not trade in some of the cards because of the Defence of the Realm Act, they being pictures of King's ships. But Tuck's have sued him for all the money and costs, and he has to pay in instalments, being only a small man. A rich firm, having loaded such cards upon a poor shopkeeper, should be above putting a knife into him for its pound of flesh.

DISLOYAL SHIRKERS.

PEACE FANATICS OF MILITARY AGE.

A reader submits for our inspection a disgraceful pro-German pamphlet written by Mr. E. Cecil Beman, of 4, Yerbury Road, Tufnell Park, N., and published by Mr. Sidney R. Champion, of Chorley, Lancashire. Over the contents of this scandalous production we need waste little time. It reiterates the worst heresies of the pacifist clique, with several laudatory references to the works of the traitor Morel, now undergoing a well-deserved punishment. In these circumstances, some interest attaches to the personality of the author, Mr. E. C. Beman, who, as we understand, is the Managing Director of a London electrical supply firm. It appears that Mr. Beman, who is of military age, was lately granted temporary exemption by the Holborn Tribunal on the ground that he was engaged on "Work of National Importance"—but we take leave to suggest that the mode in which the applicant has beguiled his leisure should be the subject of close inquiry. Certainly the present pamphlet, entitled "The Sword or the Cross," should be before the Tribunal when their further decision is taken, and we shall be surprised if, in all the circumstances, Mr. Beman is again permitted to evade his military responsibility, even though, as we understand, he intends—despite his recent "war work"—to plead a "conscientious objection." Meanwhile, it seems that the frontispiece of "The Sword or the Cross," depicting a British soldier clasping the hand of a Hun, is the work of Mr. S. J. Tucker, another young gentleman of military age, whose appeal for exemption has been allowed by the Stratford Tribunal on grounds which, unless we are much mistaken, would repay closer investigation.

THE ROAD TO AUTHORSHIP.

"PAY THE FEES AND TAKE YOUR CHANCE."

Messrs. The Craven Press, of Craven Street, Strand, advertised something about a five-guinea prize story; particulars obtainable for twopence in stamps. One of our readers got into touch with them, and was rewarded by the receipt of "literature" on how to make money by Fiction Writing and Newspaper Correspondence. You could take either course or both, and might pay anything you pleased from 15s. up to £2 12s. 6d. Our friend let the matter slide. But the Craven Press bombarded him with more typed stuff and forms. The point is that the Craven Press must have been quite aware that their correspondent was totally unfitted for authorship or "newspaper correspondence," and it would have been a useless expense and money thrown away had he forwarded them the cash and instalments for which they angled. He will, we know, excuse us when we say that, though plainly a man of sense, he does not boast of educational or literary attainments. His letter to us desires us to "Please excuse grammar, as I am only a baker's porter." To endeavour to beguile a plain working man into the devious paths of authorship, for the sake of fees duly paid and promised, is not playing the game.

A CUNNING BAIT.

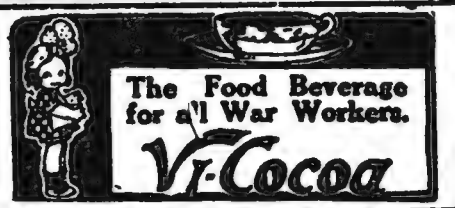
"ALL THAT GLISTERS IS NOT GOLD."

On several occasions we have caught Messrs. Davis and Co., the advertising pawnbrokers of Brixton Road, S.W., sailing dangerously near the wind, a striking illustration of their methods being afforded by the complaint of a Monmouthshire reader who was ensnared by the glamour of Davis's Bargain List. The following is a reproduction of the cunningly-baited announcement which induced our Celtic friend to part with his cash:—

> WATCH, ALBERT AND SEAL.—16s. 6d., Gent.'s 18-ct. gold-cased keyless Lever Watch; reliable timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; also Double Curb Albert with Seal, same quality, in new condition; week's free trial; sacrifice 16s. 6d. the lot. Approval.

In return for his 16s. 6d. our informant received "a paltry brass watch and chain, valued at about 5s. the lot." The golden covering was so thin that it had evaporated in the post. As to the "time-keeping" qualities of this particular bargain we are unable to speak, although some of Messrs. Davis's "keyless levers" have proved so "reliable" in this respect that neither hour nor minute hand has been known to move, except under severe provocation. However, having unsuccessfully applied to Messrs. Davis for the return of his money, our correspondent is considerably aggrieved, thinking it "a damnable shame that hardworking chaps should be taken in." Alas, all is not gold that glisters, either in the storerooms of Messrs. Davis and Co. or in the advertisement columns of newspapers that decline to censor their trade announcements.

To the Apollo!
EVGS. 8·20
MATS. MON, WED. and SAT. 2·30
TEL. GER. 3243
Box Office 10—10.
If you see it in John Bull it is so!
INSIDE THE LINES is
The Greatest of all Spy Plays



RICH RUGS

Write for a Post Free batch of Coloured Sheets, showing the wonderful beauty of Catesby's Rich Rugs. Broad variety of Patterns, good for general wear and suitable also for use with our Cork Lino.

CATESBYS LTD.

(Dept. 19), Tottenham Court Rd. London, W.1.

Fight the Germs

that poison and impoverish the blood and cause disease. TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS, and INTERNAL GROWTHS do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the cause. It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send 4d. (postage) for SAMPLE BOTTLE and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. J. B.), Park Square, Leeds.

With Vitadatio THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

WE'LL BUY THAT HOUSE!

through the 'City Life'

Simple System of instalment payments.

Booklet Free from F.G.L./J.B.

City Life Assurance Co., Ltd.

6, Paul Street, London, E.C.

FREE-LANCE JOURNALISM

Expert editorial advice and constructive criticism *gratis*. Send short MS. with stamps for return to Editor-in-Chief, Practical Correspondence College, 12, Thanet House, Strand, W.C. 2. A few Scholarships awarding Course of Postal Training at half fees reserved for "John Bull" readers whose specimens show unusual promise.

DO YOUR FALSE TEETH FEEL

loose and drop in your mouth? A little Dentafix sprinkled on the plate will fix them securely in your mouth till you wish to move them, that wretched loose feeling goes, the teeth being perfectly rigid and comfortable. Dentafix is a pure, tasteless powder, it sweetens the breath, hardens the gums, and is a boon to all wearers of false teeth. A 1/3 packet gives tooth-comfort for weeks. Post Free from Dentafix Co., 219D, High Rd., Ilford.

Foster Clark's

The Creamiest Custard

Cream Custard

"PYLITNA"

A GENUINE CURE FOR PILES.

Hæmorrhoids (Piles) are caused by the disordered functions of the system which cannot be corrected by external remedies.

"PYLITNA" POWDERS

taken in warm milk or water are a genuine effective cure. Guaranteed harmless to the system.

Of Chemists and Stores 3/- per box, or post free "Pylitna," 3, Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.1.

BOUGHT—CASH.

ANY QUANTITY. ANY GRADE.
CARRIAGE FORWARD FROM ANYWHERE.

G. CHAPELIER,
Largest Works in Central London,
101, GRAY'S INN ROAD, W.C.1.

SUMMER TIME AND NATURE'S TIME.

Summer time has given place to Greenwich time—the natural method of marking the passage of the hours has put once more into its proper place the artificial clockface of convenience.

With natural time come natural discomforts, an increased disposition to disease, and Nature's own remedies provided in abundance.

The trouble is to know exactly what remedies to take. Drugs fail us and tonics bring reaction, but in Page Woodcock's Pills all of Nature's purest and best vegetable tonic correctives are gathered together in perfect proportion.

Liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels alike are strengthened and regulated; perfect co-operation of all organs is assured, and the system is braced up to withstand the change.

For over sixty years these pills have stood the test—and have made millions of happy, healthy men and women who take pleasure in their work and find an added joy in recreation.

Sold by all chemists and stores in boxes at 1/3 and 3/-. (Advt.)

"JOHN BULL" PREFERENCE SHARES.

— WANTED —

Offers of Preference Shares. State quantity and lowest price for cash, to X. Y. Z., c.o. VERNON'S, 118, Newgate St., E.C.

NEW THOUGHTS NOT BEST.

MORE HUMBUG BY AN OLD HAND.

That charlatan, Orlando Edgar Miller, still endeavours to foist himself on the weak-minded and credulous. He is running a "New Life Centre" in Bond Street, while at Isleworth he is adding to his notoriety by inviting people to go and stay at his "New Thought Home," where the New Thought will be the same as the old one—Money down, please. There is a "beautiful little Temple, screened by shrubbery, in a remote part of the grounds," where paying guests may go and "reach for the self"—while Miller reaches for the pelf. Life there is "free from the conventionalities," but there is little else that is free. The diet is nominally vegetarian, "both cooked and unfired," but you may have a steak and onions, or anything else, so long as you pay for it. In the dairy is made a "perfectly pure product of Yoghourt," served "to all who like it"; we do not care for a name—a small Bass sounds better. You can be taught how to sleep and how to breathe, if you do not already know the way. Equally grotesque is the programme at the Bond Street "Centre," for there Miller volunteers to "make plain how to live the life"—taking a silver collection afterwards, doubtless, for that is a habit at the Centre. The "Order of Service" begins:—"The audience is requested to rise and sing the Doxology on the appearance upon the platform of the Leader." We wonder what Miller fancies himself to be—King, Emperor or Messiah, in that he requires his followers, when he appears, to rise and sing "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow"!

THE "SIMULATION" SWINDLE.

WATCH COMPANY'S "PATENT SNAP."

Among the watchmongers who want watching are the Bargain Watch Company, of 89, Cornwallis Road, Upper Holloway, N. They are still running their "missing letter competition," for all the world as though that hoary old swindle had not been a thousand times exposed to the core. As usual, the innocent victim is congratulated upon "having been fortunate enough to win our Handsome Simulation 18 Carat Gold Lever Watch," the only remaining formality being the dispatch of 6s. 11d. "for either our Lady's 18 Carat Gold Design Guard or our Gent's Handsome Albert." However, if you are "green" enough to be guided by the Bargain Watch Company, you will spring another 2s. 6d.—subsequently reduced to 1s. 6d.—for a "beautiful leatherette Plush Finished Hinged Back Case," fitted with a "Patent Snap" and carrying with it a "Free Present" in the shape of a "Dainty Brooch," so exquisite in design and construction that it is "practically impossible to describe its true merits in a letter." All of which looks very generous, but of one thing customers may be certain—the original 6s. 11d. is more than sufficient to cover the whole value of watch, chain, case and brooch and leaves the Company a handsome profit. A Somerset reader sent the money and was grievously disappointed. "The watch doesn't go," she complains, "and as you open it the works fall out in your hand." In short, any lady or gentleman really anxious to become the possessor of a "Simulation" Gold Lever Watch can gratify the ambition quite inexpensively at the nearest penny bazaar.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DAILY RECORD AND MAIL" (advertisement):—
"Ayr.—Parlour, 1 bed; near station, SNORE; 10s. weekly."

"EVENING NEWS" (advertisement):—
"Why NOT make ——'s your Food Supply Centre? THERE ARE EXCELLENT REASONS."

"EVENING TIMES AND ECHO":—
"The conference of women . . . which was arranged to be held at Stockholm simultaneously with the Stockholm Socialist Conference has, in consequence of the latter, been POSTPONED UNTIL IT IS ACTUALLY HELD."

"CROSBY HERALD":—
"A communication . . . was read giving sanction to the continuance of Seafield House, Seaforth, as a certified institution under the Mental Deficiency Act for the reception of 80 male and 189 female DETECTIVES."

"LINACRE WESLEYAN SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORD":—
"He was a member of the Silver Band, HIS INSTRUMENT BEING THE LAMB."

GUY THORNE (story in *Premier Magazine*):—
"His face was the face of Irish-American caricature—a terrible jaw jutted out ABOVE a bulldog nose."

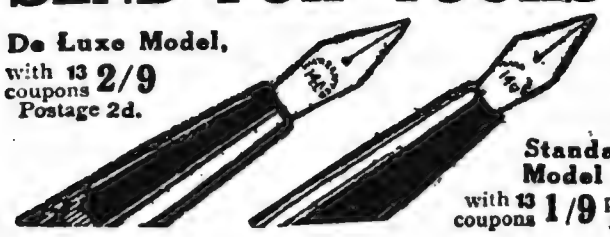
"CUMNOCK CHRONICLE (short story):—
"He turned to the butler, whose FACE WAS RUNNING DOWN HIS TEARS."

"TIMES OF INDIA ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY":—
"The Prince and PRINCESS OF WALES visited St. Dunstan's."

"SOUTHEND, LEIGH AND WESTCLIFF GRAPHIC" (Volunteer Battalion Order):—
"No rifles to be carried and ONLY WAIST BELTS WORN."

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

De Luxe Model,
with 13 coupons **2/9**
Postage 2d.



Standard Model
with 13 coupons **1/9** post. 2d.

Our famous **JOHN BULL PENS** are all fitted with 14ct. Solid Gold Nibs, iridium tipped.

USE THIS COUPON ➠

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. - Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.
DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.
Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
(September 29, 1917.)
P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

First Soldier: "WHAT ARE THOSE YELLOW PAPERS ALL YOU CHAPS HAVE GOT HOLD OF?"
Second ditto: "AH! YOU'LL WANT ONE WHEN YOU KNOW."

NEWS FROM HOME.

"HULLO, old chap! Have you got one, too? These yellow papers are all over the shop—mail seems to be full of them—sent mine back yesterday."

"Jolly good scheme, too! It's mighty comforting to know that one's own people will have something extra to come, whatever happens."

"Rather! These yellow papers will make it a good deal easier for a lot of us to carry on."

"Who sent you yours?"

"My brother; always been such a good pal I sometimes forget he's a relative. Said he thought I should like to know there was a bit extra for the wife, in case——! So he took this out for me on her account."

"My old chief at the office took it out for me. I didn't know he had it in him to be so thoughtful. He knew my mother had no one but myself to depend upon; and didn't want me to worry about what would happen to her, financially, if I *should* be outed. That's what was troubling me most, and I'm much obliged to old Grimshaw for easing my mind. Of course, it hasn't cost him much, but it means a lot to me, and shows he hasn't just forgotten. You had one a day or two ago, hadn't you, Jack?"

"Yes, from my uncle—crusty old beggar, but soft-hearted enough inside, I guess. Said he couldn't afford to have too much to do in helping to provide for my family if I came to grief at the front; so he had decided to cover his risk as much as possible. That is just his way, you know—to prevent me thanking him."

"A dear old chum of mine sent me one along. Not fit for service—made him awfully sick that he couldn't go with the rest of us. The poor old chap says that at least he can do a little to help make my sister safe if—well, if—— He doesn't like to say what he means; but as I have told him it doesn't give a fellow any the worse chance to know that his people at home will not have money trouble on top of the rest if he gets bowled out."

"What do you say, Tommy?"

"I say that I should like to know what on earth you are all talking about. What is this yellow paper, anyway?"

"It is, my boy, a proposal form—for war life insurance—an entirely new kind of life insurance, specially devised to ease the mind of the sailor or soldier. Also it is an entirely new kind of proposal form, for it can be filled in in a couple of seconds—in fact, all *you* have to do, if someone is friendly enough to send one along, is to sign your name—being the person who is insured. Any friend can do the rest, and anyone you nominate can benefit—your mother or father, your sweetheart or wife, your brothers or sisters, your kiddies, anyone for whom you want to make provision."

"I could take out a policy myself, I suppose?"

"Of course you could. Just drop a line to the Eagle and British Dominions Insurance Company and get a form."

"What does it cost; and what does, whoever is to benefit stand to get?"

"For every £1 you pay—or someone else pays for you—the Company undertake to pay out £100 in the event of your death from any cause except in actual fighting, from wounds, flying or drowning, while on service anywhere in Europe, outside the Balkans. If you should happen to lose your life in the Balkans, or outside Europe, they pay £50, because that part of the world is more unhealthy. If you should lose your life in action, or from wounds, or as an aviator, or from drowning, the Company pays £5 down for every £1 of your subscription—or, rather, premium, as they call it. So *whatever* happens to you, they pay something down at once."

"That seems square enough. And——"

"Wait a moment. There is something more. The Company further engages that nine-tenths of whatever money is left over from this War Life Insurance Scheme shall be distributed eighteen months after Peace is declared among those who have been so unfortunate as to have lost the soldier or sailor insured, by death in action or from wounds, as an aviator or from drowning, in proportion to the premiums paid. How does that strike you? The main idea of the whole scheme is to provide the maximum benefit for those nominated by those who lose their lives in action, from wounds, or as an aviator or from drowning."

"Why, that's really good. Who are the people?"

"You can get full particulars from the Eagle and British Dominions Insurance Company—a Company with a reputation and £5,000,000 assets, which is not likely to promise more than it can or will perform. Moreover, the funds arising out of the scheme are invested in the names of unimpeachable trustees."

"Then it's me for a proposal form."

"Good for you! That will tell you anything else you want to know, though I have given you all the main facts. Write to the Eagle and British Dominions Insurance Co., Ltd., British Dominions House, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. 3, 79, Pall Mall, S.W. 1, who will send full particulars and who are prepared to entertain the appointment of agents for making known the scheme and obtaining proposals."—[*Advt.*]

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1916.*

Sheppey Once More.

Will the Officer-in-Charge of the numerous men at St. Paul's School, Sheerness, make inquiries as to their feeding, as they tell us the rations are scarcely sufficient for a four-year-old child?

Peace at Last.

We are glad to know that a few days after the appearance of our paragraph concerning Ballyvonare Camp, in County Cork, the district General and his Staff visited the place. All is now well.

An Inquiry Needed.

The Director-General of Medical Services might order an investigation into the death in the Kitchener Hospital, Brighton, of a private of the Royal West Kents. We have received from a reliable source information that renders such an inquiry absolutely necessary; if the facts are as presented to us, the matter is a really serious one.

The Reason Why.

There has recently been sent to us a host of typed battalion Orders, telling men in France or elsewhere that when they are on leave at home they must on no account approach a paymaster for an advance, adding that strict disciplinary action will be taken against any offender. Tommy considers this a grievance, but it is not. A soldier leaving the Front may indent for every cent due to him, and will get it. Unfortunately—and loving Tommy as we do, we blush to mention it—a few of the boys have found out a way of falsifying their books, collecting money in London, and rejoining their units in more or less debt. Reasonable precautions against such an abuse certainly afford no ground for an aggrieved feeling.

For the Commandant.

The Officer-in-Charge of the R.G.A. Cadet School at Maresfield Park might parade his men and ask for complaints. We have a long catalogue of them, but will not give details until a chance to remedy them has been afforded.

Concerning Barrack Damages.

A number of letters received from different units tell us that there is less demand now for barrack damages, thanks to our exposure. A barrack warden—the military term for a caretaker or janitor—wrote, however, saying that we were wrong. But the multitude of approving letters from Tommies clearly show that we were in the right—though we required no such assurance. We are glad to be of service to Tommy, and appreciate his thanks.

When the Boys Come Home.

We are very actively interested in the case of our soldiers' dependents, who are left to sink or swim when the lads go into khaki. We fight continuously with the Excise people who look into the claims of those poor people, but can hold out to them little comfort. We know that our efforts on their behalf have induced somebody to promise to set up special machinery and to do away with the Pensions officials. It has not, however, been done yet. This is what recently happened in one small district; it may be taken to indicate what is going on throughout the whole kingdom: The local Customs people have 9,000 claims in hand, over 2,000 of which were put in *before May last!* The men at the Front naturally receive heartrending complaints from their dependents, some of whom are compelled by our system to seek the workhouse. The boys will come home one day, and when they do——!

Journalists at Sea.

Some of the illustrated papers recently published pictures of repatriated soldiers, to whom they referred as "Mons heroes." Alas! for the men who wrote the captions, the chaps depicted were Anzacs, and nobody ever heard of an Anzac who fought at Mons. Tommies at home and abroad complain to us that they are not receiving the credit due to them.

Where are the Police?

The complaints concerning the depredations of daylight robbers and night hawks about King's Cross and other stations, are simply appalling. A few nights ago, several Tommies, who are preparing if necessary to offer their lives on the altar of the country, a few minutes after having had a wash discovered that they had been robbed—one of about £5, another of £10, and a third of £5. Surely to heaven the Commissioner of Police can do better than this for our heroes?

Poor Devils!

We are sorry to hear that our bluejackets with the Eastern Mediterranean Flotilla have to coal ship, and do other heavy duties, on biscuits and water. We are asked to bring this matter to the notice of the Admiralty, and we do so in the hope that an improvement will be effected. There should be no shortage of food in the theatre of war if the Canteens Committee were a live affair.

Not For Us.

The honest bluejacket is not allowed to take womenfolk into the dock. He complains to us, in numbers, that his officers, big and small, may take music-hall artistes, legitimate relatives and others, not only into the docks, but actually on to the ships. Reasoning in his own way, the A.B. asks us: "What about the *Irene*, *Bulwark*, *Natal*, and other vessels that have blown up at their buoys or alongside?" We leave it at that, believing that the new First Lord will give the matter the attention it deserves.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."*)

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

Encouraging the Workers.

A poor fellow is waiting to start work which is promised him in a fortnight's time. As he has a wife and two children to support, he asked our assistance meanwhile, which we were glad to afford. We willingly help those who help themselves.

To Bury the Dead.

A soldier, home on special leave, brought us a sad story. Through a recent Air Raid his wife had suffered in health, and two of their little ones had died. They were without the means to bury them, but we readily rose to the occasion.

Disease and Distress.

The wife of one of our fighting men developed tuberculosis. She has five children, not one of them earning, and she finds her allowance painfully inadequate. She appealed to the Civil Liabilities Commissioners without success, but once again we stepped in where they refused.

Another Consumptive.

Invalided out of the Service, with the minimum pension, an unfortunate fellow finds difficulty in keeping his wife and two children from want. We were glad to send help.

A Very Sad Case.

A soldier's wife let her baker's bill run. As she has six little mouths to feed, some excuse could be made. The baker issued a summons for the money, but the poor woman, having been taken to hospital, could not, of course, appear. When she was about again, she appealed to the War Pensions Committee, who refused to help her. As a second thought she came to us, with the usual happy result.

Five Sons with the Colours.

The mother of five of our fighting men surely deserves consideration. She was, however, refused attention by the local Guardians, so her need was placed before us. Each son is married, a fact which prevents her benefiting financially from their great services to the State. We are glad she applied to us, for she is one of the unrecognised deserving.

The Fatal Doll.

The greatest treasure of a little girl, her doll, was the cause of her sad death. Her mother was admitting the doctor to the ailing father, when the child went to the scullery to wash her doll, and fell into a tub of water and was drowned. The father subsequently died, thus making a double calamity for the poor woman; she appealed to us, and was not sent empty away.

Attacks on our Fund.

South Tottenham, Bristol, and Denaby Main are making fraudulent attacks on our little fund. Would-be depredators, beware!

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, £3; Mrs. E. B. (Leeds), 1s.; Mrs. M. O., 2s.; H. P., 1s.; "A Bristol Reader," 3s.; "Had Some," 2s. 6d.; "An R. O.," 1s.; E. V., 1s.; "A Small Helper" (Grimsby), 1s.; "Long Lane," 1s.; "Old Chum, N.W.," 2s. 6d.; "Southall," 1s. 2d.; "Daimler," 5s.; Mrs. C. (Hull), 1s.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros.' Aeroplane Works (Eastchurch), 10s.; S. T. (Bolton), 1s. 6d.; F. H. B., 1s.; "Tagret," 1s.; R. M. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "An Unofficial Wife," 5s.; J. E. E. V., 2s. 6d.; Miss G. (Eastbourne), 1s.; "Upton Park," 2s. 6d.; M. D. J. (Peckham), 2s. 6d.; Cpl. S., 1s.; D. A. (Portland), 2s. 6d.; "Punch," 10s.; A. W. M. (Yorks), 1s. 6d.; H. B. (Bristol), 1s.; C. W. R. (Edinburgh), 5s.; F. M. (Mullion), 1s.; "656731 R.F.A." 1s. 6d.; Ship's Company, H.M.T. *Morven*, £1 12s.; W. S., 7d.; "No. 18370," 5s.; A. B., 1s.; W. B. H., 6d.; W. W., 6d.; W. T. M., 6d.; "Little Jim," 6d.; "Fighting Fifth," 2s. 6d.; W. G., 1s.; A. H. (Uxbridge), 1s.; Pte. E. W., 1s. 10d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; B. E. C., 6d. (Leigh-on-Sea), 1s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; E. C., 6d.; G. R. G., 1s. 6d.; J. W. B., £1; "Percentage of a Small Sweep" (Pretoria), 7s. 6d.; "A Sailor's Wife," £1; H. R. (Durban), £2; "In Thankfulness," 2s. 6d.; R. M. S., 6d.; Weekly Collection in C. House, A.P.O. No. 2, York, 4s. 6d.; "Little Alf," 2s. 6d.; "Maru," 10s.; Weekly Collection, C.P.S., Woolwich Arsenal, 12s.; M. E., 1s.; "A Small Helper" (Grimsby), 1s.; T. J., 1s.; J. C., (Wimbledon), 1s.; "Jack" (Johannesburg), 10s.; "Sagit," £5; E. H. H. (Invergordon), 7s. 1d.; A. J. P. (Birmingham), 1s. 6d.; "War Worker," 1s.; "Justice," 1s.; T. L., 1s.; F. H., 2s.; "Target," 1s.; T. S., 5s.; N. M. (Greenock), 1s.; "Marie" (Johnannesburg), £1; J. L., 1s.; "Bullet Winner," 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; J. P. McC., £3; R. D., £2; Staff of I.C.S., Romford Road, 5s. 6d.; "Tommy's Wife," 1s.; "Buster," 2s. 6d.; J. S. (Driffield), 9d.; W. S. (Hightown), 5s.; A. W. T. (Stockwell), 6d.; J. L. R. (Maldon), 10s.; E. T. (Wissett), 2s. 6d.

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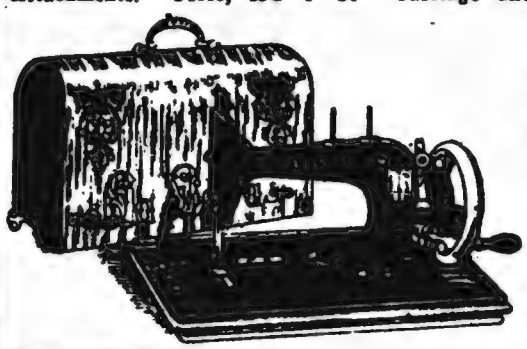

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Are you a walking barometer—have you pains that shift from joint to joint at every change of the weather—are you subject to occasional recurring catching pains—if so, you are suffering from an excess of Uric Acid, and should

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"I have had Rheumatoid Arthritis for over ten years. I was in bed a long time and could not walk. My right leg was quite useless.

One of my boys sent me a cutting telling of a cure from 'Curicones' and said, 'Do try it Mother, for JOHN BULL would not publish it if it was not genuine.' Well, I did try it, and before I had taken six bottles I was able to throw away my stick, and improved every day. I am pleased to say I now do all the work of my cottage and three hours' war work beside every day. I cannot speak too highly of your wonderful 'Curicones.'"

Yours truly, G. Madge.

It is the only preparation so far as we know which has proved efficacious for Rheumatoid Arthritis.

Don't delay—it costs you nothing—waiting won't cure you. Send for the trial package. Curicones give prompt relief, and will cure you. The book tells you why Curicones are so effective, even from the first dose. They relieve your pains, reduce swellings, and make life a pleasure once more. Repeated tests prove that it is equally efficacious for simple occasional Rheumatism as for chronic cases when all other means have failed.

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

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LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"SOMEWHERE IN HELL."—The Editor desires to thank the very large number of readers who have sent him letters of congratulation upon the first of his series of articles relating to his recent visit to the Front, and regrets that it is impracticable for him to acknowledge the same individually.

PTE. O'D. (France).—Many thanks for the flattering message received through you from the boys, many of whom, however, we have now had the great pleasure of meeting at the Front. We are theirs all the time.

B. D. (London).—Yes, we apologise to the dogs—even the dirty ones—for likening "Willy" and "Nicky" to them.

W. F. and OTHERS.—No doubt the new National Party has, to a large extent, built its platform with our planks, but there are missing many things necessary to secure a permanent structure. Let us, however, finish the war first.

W. H. D. and OTHERS.—Our views on the Malcolm case are substantially those put forward by Mr. Charles Palmer in his article last week.

H. C. P. (Clapton).—We agree that an officer who wears "corsets, pointed-toed boots with high heels, etc.," does not sound very useful for the Army, but, on the other hand, have you ever heard of the "Dandy Fifth"?

J. H. (Rathmines).—"The Objects should be outlawed." Certainly we have no conscientious objection to that.

"READER" (Leamington).—A female thing tried to buy selected bananas and tomatoes for German prisoners at the village to which we recently referred, and you refused to serve the creature. Serve her right. A selected banana for a Hun!

"A FATHER" (Southend).—If the tram girls take in the money all correct and next day it is counted 2s. short—nearly every day, too—somebody must be bad with figures, but too good with fingers.

F. W. (Kentish Town).—Afraid we cannot make this journal the medium of personal introductions. You will be wanting us next to set up a matrimonial bureau.

"CONSTANT READER" (Scotland).—Cannot tell you how royal personages get their medals. Perhaps they give them to each other for birthday presents.

"YPRES" (Somewhere-in-France).—Cheer up, sonny. Better times ahead.

"DISTRESSED" (Chester).—Certainly you have our "ready sympathy," and you may be sure we are not forgetting the remoter theatres of war.

A. S. (Boston).—We are afraid we must not encourage your idea of extending the doctrine of justifiable homicide to pro-Germans and pacifists.

G. B. (Liverpool).—So you are "the man who early in the year had the Supreme honour of receiving a Sacred command." What was it—to join up and do your bit? That's about as sacred a command as any man can receive nowadays.

"A LOOKER ON" (Blandford).—"Tommies on the march with 60 lbs. on their back; Hun prisoners enjoy a morning's ride on some of the new Canadian horses." Funny things seem to happen at that camp.

E. E. G. (South Wales).—"Hoping to see you knighted before long." Thanks, but we're not in the market.

E. D. (Walton).—Thank God, we English people are not of Teutonic descent. We are Anglo-Saxons, and of Scandinavian origin, as are also our Allies, the Northern French.

J. T. F. (Highgate).—Tesla, years back, invented "a system of electric power transmission through natural media," which could smash up a fleet miles beyond sight, and which was alleged to be able from New York to regulate torpedo boats in the English Channel. But the force cannot be controlled; it would blow up our own ships also.

"A READER FROM INFANCY."——"Oblige me by letting me know who Cadbury and Co. are?" We must not tell tales to children like you.

"A BULLETIN" (Hampshire).—"I'm gardening, 25, deaf, useless for army, wages are 22s., wish to get married. What ought I to do?" *She'll* tell you.

"A FEW WOUNDED TOMMIES" (E. Clandon).—"The inhabitants are forbidden to speak to the wounded soldiers by a parson." If the inhabitants obey that disgusting order, they are not worth speaking to.

"RATS" (Radlett).—"Don't you think the war and all this trouble was caused by that unlucky mummy of a queen, in the British Museum?" No; daddy says it wasn't mummy's fault.

T. M. W. (Norwich).—"Ely; small repair shop, few workmen, plenty of officers to supervise. Some officers billeted 600 yards away; big motor-car to take 'em there and back." Then they go to bed thoroughly knocked-up for want of a job.

J. W. F. (Edinburgh).—No thanks to the Corporation Trams for charging 10s. for a car for wounded men, but many thanks to working folk who gladly stood back and let them have first car.

H. M. (Marylebone, W.).—Glad you were pleased with our recent paragraph. After reading your letter we patted ourselves on the back.

P. M. (Kirkcudbright).—We note your complaint against Frank Inman, the notorious "consumption" quack. Invalids, beware!

"A READER" (London, S.W.).—Shocked to hear of the lady whose artificial teeth were damaged by "a blow from behind." But where on earth was she wearing them?

J. E. M. (25th Royal Fusiliers).—Sorry we have no time for mathematical conundrums. "Figuratively" speaking, you are a holy terror.

"SILVER BADGE" (London, W.).—Your case is evidently a bad one, but, before we prescribe, perhaps you will let us know the precise hour at which you came unstuck.

J. M. (Dunoon).—"If my wife continues with your 'Bullets' I shall divorce her unless she can show me a big prize." Now she knows.

E. P. D. (West Ealing).—How can we declare our objection to the use of the word "Kursaal" without printing it? What with your lack of logic and want of humour, you *must* be a dull dog!

"JASPER" (Manchester).—Oh, he's the sort of Sunday pietist who'd "hang his cat on Monday for killing of a mouse on Sunday."

R. G. E. (Bayswater, W.).—"They have had their bite, let them do their bit." And you are a wight with a pretty wit!

"ANXIOUS" (London).—We have heard the story you mention, but if we were to publish every floating rumour we might lose our choice reputation.

D. N. (Sheffield).—"How does this appeal to you?" It jars our fifth rib.

"WATERMAN" (Shotts).—We are not, nor are we likely to be, so hard pressed as to need submarine liners to bring food into the country.

"A FRIEND."—"I take pleasure in writing a few lines to you. I can read between the lines." The "few" lines you wrote are just 235; we read between *them* too.

"OLD SOLDIER" (Masham).—Answer you? With pleasure. "Don't blame the guard, but the compound staff, for the Germans getting away." We are absolutely sure no Old Soldier would let the blighters go.

"LOOS AND LENS."—"Your correspondent 'Nuff Said' wants Ramsay dipped in the Clyde." Don't you know it cost Glasgow a quarter of a million to purify the river? Then Ramsay must remain dirty.

D. G. S. (B.E.F.).—The Sunday paper spake of a "gun" embedded in the Flanders mud, but the picture showed it was a water-cart. Some big guns aren't much acquainted with water.

"THREE EX-PRIVATES" (Southwark).—You say you were discharged for women to take your places as porters, Was that actually told you as the reason?

A. F. N. (London, N.) tells us that he recently had the misfortune to lose his JOHN BULL Pen, and retrieved it after it had been in the room where the staff time-books are kept. It had been used by a very large number of people for "signing on," but the clerk in charge remarked to our friend that everyone had spoken very highly of it. A. F. N. is, therefore, very lucky indeed to have recovered it!

"A TRUE BRITON."—We cannot stigmatise a man as a German because he turns up his moustache like the Kaiser. Such hairy trifles are neither here nor there.

H. W. (Newcastle).—You are correct in assuming that we were "in the know." As a matter of fact, that is the direction in which we usually hang out.

E. B. (West Norwood).—Your complaint to hand in regard to the non-commissioned officer who, as you think, had "a bit of a Hun in him." Let's hope that by this time the foreign body has been expelled.

"HISTORICUS."—Your bilious effusion to hand. Hope you'll forget our address when next you spill the ink.

F. I. M. (South Shields).—"I have taken the honour to write to you." And we claim the inexpressible felicity of humbly acknowledging your gracious epistle.

R. V. (Leicester).—Will we insert your par. about the Vigilance Association? Apply to our Advertisement Department. Meanwhile, we adhere to what we have said.

"THE MOKE" (Queer Street).—"Good luck to Sam, with his silvery stars, His heavenly blue and his silver bars; I pray that his star-spangled banner soon waves, O'er the heads of Clown Princes, War Lords, and their slaves." Amen.

Miss V. C. (Vichy).—We understand the Government have taken steps to save from cruel treatment worn-out war horses "sold for a song."

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

The Food Controller says: "Use plain boiled or steamed Rice"

THE quick sure way to make it palatable is to serve with BIRD'S delicious Custard.

This adds to the rice just what is lacking—the right degree of sweetness, a rich creaminess, and a delicate flavor. Bird's Custard with rice, serves the all-important purpose of stimulating the salivary glands of the mouth, whose action transforms into digestible food the valuable starch in the rice.

Bird's Custard is, therefore, the natural companion of rice; it goes with it in pudding or plain boiled, as nothing else will. It transforms a dish which usually has no special attraction for the children into one of which they are really fond. In addition, the abundance of nutriment in Bird's Custard, unimpaired by War conditions, is of greatest body-building value.

Bird's

Nutritious Custard

is delicious with stewed fruit. For the children's sake, insist always on Bird's. None so pure, none so wholesome.

Cs818

HELP TO FILL THE GUNS.

TO GET THE MARKET PRICE

Sell your Waste Paper

TO THE

LEADING FIRM

Lendrum's

3, TEMPLE AVENUE, LONDON, E.C. 4.

Telephone — — — CENTRAL 406.

Branches at MANCHESTER, GLASGOW & LIVERPOOL.

1ST PRIZE £1,000 "BULLETS" GREAT

2ND PRIZE £100

OVER 10,000 PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	100 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 5/-	2,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	7,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

OVER 10,000 PRIZES

Don't miss this remarkable Offer!

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 11th.
Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(256) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed_____
Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 256, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 11th.
Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(256) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O for 1/- must be sent.

Signed_____
Address_____

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 11th.
Example_____
Bullet

Example_____
Bullet

(256) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed_____
Address_____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullet" Competition **No. 257. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **257** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 257** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Forty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 257.

THE BRITISH BULLDOG	FATHER'S HELPING	IN HOT WATER	SHARING THE SPOILS
BOTTOMLEY'S MISSION	SLACKER'S EXCUSE	PLENTY TO DO	FACING THE POWDER
GIVEN A MISS	PRETTY CHEEK	BREAKING THE PEACE	COUNTER ATTACKS
AT WHITEHALL	WHAT TOMMY DESERVES	HITTING THE TARGET	HAVING IT OUT
PLAYING THE KNAVE	THROWING MUD	SOLD AGAIN	MAKES KAISER SAVAGE

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 256.

WHEN HAIG STRIKES
THE BRITISH ARMY
WHAT BOTTOMLEY SAYS
BACK FROM THE TRENCHES
STAGGERING HUMANITY
WHEN GERMANY TUMBLES
WHAT RUSSIA WANTS
BLUNT SPEECH
WHEN PACIFISTS MEET
BRINGING WAR HOME
CIVIL SERVICE
WON'T COME OFF
WITHOUT BEER
A BIT THICK
BLUE BOOKS
FINDING BETTER 'OLE
WHEN CAT'S AWAY
PRETTY NURSE
THE LITTLE ONES
HANGING TOGETHER
A DIRTY TRICK
FIRST CIGAR
DREAMING OF HOME
MY WIFE'S MOTHER
WAR SPOILS
AT DONNINGTON HALL
HOUSEMAID'S KNEE
NO LAUGHING MATTER
WHAT TOMMY LIKES
WHOLESALE ROBBERY
TAKES THE BISCUIT
SHOCKING MISS
WHAT WOMEN WEAR
WHEN BABY CRIES
FATHER'S EXCUSE
PLOT THAT FAILED
MAKES SERGEANT SWEAR
RAMSAY'S SEAT
PLEASES THE PROFITEERS
THE KAISER'S CONSCIENCE

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 40 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will help you :—

Example :—
FATHER'S EXCUSE.
Bullet :—
NOT ALWAYS CONVINCING.

Example:—
WHAT WOMEN LIKE.
Bullet :—
LITTLE THAT COSTS LOT.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated October 27th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated September 29th.

Result of Competition 253 will be found on the opposite page.

Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

BIRTHDAY OFFER!

3RD PRIZE £50

£1,000

1ST PRIZE

Result of 253rd "Bullets Competition."

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. W. Hirons, 115, Long Street, Atherstone, Warwickshire.
Example: HARD TO FIND.
Bullet:—"TERMS" TO SUIT PROFITEERS.
(Sent in on a free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. JOHN WEST, 38, Rathgrum Street, Belfast.
Example:—RESTORATION.
Bullet:—"GIVE HELL" TO GERMANY.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mr. E. HYDE, Station Road, Melbourne, near Derby.
Example:—SETTING GOOD EXAMPLE.
Bullet:—"LIVING SIMPLY" TO HELP.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Spr. P. O'LEARY, 191205, 5 Construction Sec., I.W.D.R.E., Saltpans, Sandwich:
PREACHING PEACE—SAFEST FROM PULPIT.

Mr. P. BUSS, 50, Boundary Road, Wood Green, London, N.:
THE LAST LAP—THAT'S WHEN GERMANY'S "OVERRUN."

Mrs. C. PALMER, "Windermere," Cedar Road, Weybridge:
PRETTY FAST—"PUSS" WHEN "RUN AFTER."

Mr. J. H. SCATTERGOOD, 1, Ringwood Road, Ferndown, Wimborne:
THE LAST LAP—KAISER THOUGHT FIRST ONE.

Mr. E. B. DUGGAN, 54, O'Connell Street, Limerick:
HARD TO FIND—WOUNDS IN BRITISH BACKS.

Mr. R. ROSE, 120, Thimble Mill Road, Bearwood, Birmingham:
HAVING LAST WORD—WITH BOSS OFTEN DISASTROUS.

Mr. E. C. PAINE, Milburn Street, Crook, Co. Durham:
SETTING GOOD EXAMPLE—ROYALTY DECLINING "FOREIGN MATCHES."

Mr. A. JOSEPHS, 35, St. John's Lane, Clerkenwell, London:
KNOWING DOG—KEEPS HIS "BONES" SAFE.

Mr. P. J. TIERNEY, Milltown Lodge, Milltown, Co. Dublin:
OUR GROCER—"GETTING OVER" THE MAXIMUM.

Mr. W. HENDRY, 19, Pansy Street, Belfast:
THE LAST LAP—EASY WHEN "WELL OFF."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mrs. E. HUNT, 5, Trelawn Road, Brixton, S.W.:
PRETTY FAST—KISSES AFTER "JUST ONE."

Mr. A. SALTER, 20, Kilmartin Avenue, Norbury, London, S.W.:
HARD TO FIND—FIRST, KEYHOLE—THEN EXCUSE.

Mr. W. BRADBROOK, 149, Antill Road, Tottenham, London, N.:
STRAIGHT TALK—DEMOCRACY'S—WITH RULERS.

Mrs. F. M. HARTWRIGHT, "Grasmere," St. Andrew's Road, Malvern:
PREACHING PEACE—CHANGE OF "ADDRESS" ADVISABLE."

Miss G. HARCOURT, care of "The Stage," 16, York Street, Covent Garden, W.C.:
HARD TO FIND—FRITZ—WHEN "UP ABOVE."

Mrs. E. GREGORY, 85, Penny Lane, Wavertree, Liverpool:
FAIR DECEIVER—ALWAYS COMES UP SMILING.

Mr. H. SPOONE, 5, School Lane, Carisbrooke, I.O.W.:
FAMILY GATHERING—AFTER SANDY'S MADE FOREMAN.

Mr. E. LLOYD, 41, Empress Road, Wrexham, N. Wales:
HARD TO FIND—AN EPICURE IN BERLIN.

Mr H. BUCKLEY, 32, Chichester Street, Chester:
WHEN SENTRY NODS—NOTHING HAPPENS—IN RUSSIA.

Mr. REUBEN GLEDHILL, 78, Garfield Rd., Radford, Nottingham:
KNOWING DOG—MAKES OTHERS "SIT UP."

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, October 11th.

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(256) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

JOHN S. HARRISON, 9, Caroline Street, Hulme, Manchester, August 25th, 1917. No. 717,972.

A. J. SAMSON, 31, Piedmont Road, Plumstead, S.E.18. September 8th, 1917. No. 337,078.

Mrs. VIOLET BOREHAM, 6, Warden Road, Kentish Town, N.W. September 8th, 1917 No. 978,892.

Mrs. J. ATKIN, 17, Lawrence Street, York. September 1st, 1917. No. 887,361.

Mrs. A. JUPP, Station Road, Upminster, Essex. August 25th, 1917. No. 499,036.

HARRY SILLITOE, 44, St. Michael's Road, Stoke, Coventry. August 25th, 1917. No. 579426.

M. H. MINTER, 537, Hanover Buildings, Tooley Street, Bermondsey, S.E.1. September 1st, No. 774,567.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of September 22nd:—

006,202	277,320	532,593	832,018	A184,225
014,373	281,347	557,784	847,627	A247,550
057,857	313,101	583,248	920,375	A298,163
082,798	337,791	626,264	954,717	A321,318
127,247	358,320	649,445	981,348	A367,939
139,003	384,262	691,748	A004,395	A382,431
156,784	401,924	706,638	A038,366	A400,191
171,885	446,606	748,036	A046,212	A483,756
194,546	495,424	765,577	A089,825	A539,843
245,192	510,296	774,721	A156,543	A560,019

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Oct. 3rd).

£10 REWARD

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for Sept. 22, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 215,860 and A624,122. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an Insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be Insured, Irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is Killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENTS.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

September 29, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

.....

September 29, 1917

Sell your

WASTE PAPER

to

PHILLIPS, MILLS & CO., LTD.,

BRIDGE WHARF, BATTERSEA, S.W.11.

VANS COLLECT DAILY.

PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.

Telephone: 2270 Battersea (4 lines).

Violet Vanbrugh

the well-known actress, says: "As a tonic Hall's Wine is undoubtedly of the greatest value. It certainly gave me wonderful relief."

Wherever there is unusual physical or mental stress to be endured there is nothing like Hall's Wine to pull you through. This is the opinion of all who have tested its marvellous tonic properties. "And Hall's Wine," says a doctor, "Never fails."

It is particularly valuable in times like the present when all are suffering from overwork, nerve-strain or worry. Hall's Wine has enabled many to "carry on" who—but for the vigour and strength it gives—could not have endured.

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

"Hall's Wine as a tonic vitaliser is in my judgment unrivalled," says a doctor.

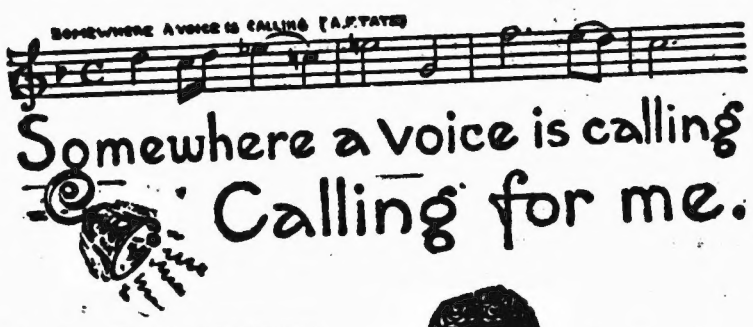
GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If, after taking half, you feel no real benefit, return to us the half-empty bottle, and we will refund all outlay.

Extra Large Size, 4/6; Smaller, 2/9.

Of Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers, &c.

Propra.: Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

738



DAY & MARTIN'S Boot Polish is very economical—the less you use the quicker the shine. It is a WAX Polish. It has leather preserving virtues extraordinary. It is put up in THE TIN WITH THE TAB (easy opening device), and sold by Dealers at 1½d., 3d., 4½d., and 9d.

DAY & MARTIN, LTD., The Boot Polish Specialists, STRATFORD, LONDON, E15.

MUSICAL SERIES No. 3. W.E.B.

A Shell-hole Shave

Even with the disadvantages of an indifferent water supply your shave is all that you could wish if you use the soap which yields the right lather—Gibbs's Shaving Soap. No sting, burn or after irritation is possible with

Drawn by A Tommy in France.

Gibbs's Shaving Soap

Prices 6d. & 1s. of all Chemists.

GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLES of Shaving Soap, Dentifrice, and Cold Cream Soap sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps.

D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. 13X).

Cold Cream Works, London, E. 1.

Established 1712.

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